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TRAVEL ORDERS

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PRESS ON

The Note Book of a War Relief Worker

BY

AGNES CHALMERS

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TO THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER *and* ALL LOVERS OF TRUE PEACE

Many of the verses in this book are based upon verbatim interviews with the common soldier in The Great War. They are written in the fighting man's own language which may be characterized as reverent rather than pious, intelligent rather than learned, and human rather than divine. The pages of the everyday history of the physical conflict of No Man's Land, entitled, Travel Orders, are dedicated to the Unknown Soldier. The remaining poems bearing the page title, Press On, are addressed gratefully to the unknown soldiers or warring Michaels of today who are not only disarming from all racial prejudices, but are likewise awakening from the fear of and resistance to God's government of man under His divine law and are thus finding heaven and peace on earth.

Foreword

AFTER the signing of the Armistice, the war workers stationed with the American Army in France did everything possible to entertain and sustain the soldiers who were daily hoping to receive travel orders homeward. Entertainers were always on the lookout for poetry for the American Expeditionary Forces. Back here in America we question: Why poetry? Over there in France we answered: The boys are wanting poetry.

Surely in this age none but the brave dare to ask and search for poetry. The Sunday before Christmas, 1918, a brave entertainer made this statement to a war worker: "The boys are begging for poetry. I have looked everywhere in Paris and can find nothing suitable. I dread returning to Coblenz without more poetry. Can you help me find some?"

In France, the makers of doughnuts made doughnuts and the makers of poetry made poetry. In each case, the doughnut and poem

were respected because they fed the boys. Aside from this, they had no honor. Thus one war worker became a maker of rhymes simply because the boys were demanding rhythm. The doughboy exemplified in his experience the words of Rupert Brooke who is quoted by his friend and biographer, Mr. Marsh, as saying: "There are only three things in the world, one is to read poetry, another is to write poetry, and the best of all is to live poetry." In France, the American Expeditionary Forces and the war workers lived every phase of poetry and thus it was that the doughnut maker lived or made "batches" of doughnuts by day while the war worker lived or made "batches" of poetry by night. Everywhere in France and with the Army of Occupation, this work was done for one purpose—to make the way easier for the manly boys who were brave enough to fight, and ask for poetry, those same boys who, after the Armistice, waited, watched and prayed for *Travel Orders*, which would enable them to return to civil life and *Press On* toward the home of perpetual peace.

PRESS ON

Today is filled with everything you need,
To lift you up and fit you to learn love
Then give yourself, your all,—this is, indeed,
The highest gift,—all earthly gifts above.
Give all, yea, all of self, dear, waiting World,
Rejecting each temptation e'en of war
Or hate or wrong or sin or appetite.
Temptation loses pow'r. It is no more
Before Love's earnest pray'r, "Let there be light."
Press on, dear World, until you learn the might
Of God's true government and peace on earth.
Press On!

TRAVEL ORDERS

Travel orders! Such is the game
Of life. They're really just the same
In civil life as in the fight,—
Travel orders. Somehow the might
Of travel orders no one can change.
Travel orders! It's passing strange
How a whole world moves on every day
Under travel orders. Eternally
They come at morning, come at noon,
And come at night,—not an hour too soon,—
Travel Orders!

TO AMERICA'S PEACE CONFERENCE, FRANCE COMES WITH NOTHING TO ASK

"We shall listen rather more than talk. We have our opinion to express and suggestions to make, but we have no sort of purpose to ask anything for France. France comes to the conference asking for nothing, soliciting nothing and has in the background no things to be obtained for herself."

—Premier Briand of France.

France comes to ask nothing of anyone
Save peace for all mankind. God's will is done,
And Love reigns over all when everywhere
Men go to ask nothing for self. God's care
Is all-sufficient. France, through bitter woe,
Thy lesson hath been learned. Now, men may go
As thou, dear France, hath taught them, giving good
While asking all for earth's blest brotherhood
And naught for self. Blest France, thy cities, torn
And wasted by war's ravages, are born
Again, baptised with waters, pure, of Life.
In asking naught for self, all sin and strife
Are ended and men press forever on
To heaven on earth,—then all earth's wars are won
And done forever more.
Dear friends, this all must know
In asking naught for self, each one may go
To heaven here and now. Earth's wrong and woe
Shall flee away if always everyone
Remembers well to let God's will be done
While asking naught for self.

GETHSEMANE REDEEMED

(A colonel's tribute to the American soldiers at the Second Battle of the Marne)

The men who stood on the river bank
On that grave night last July,
The world may well rise up and thank
As the centuries pass by.
They had naught to lose,
They had naught to choose
But to stand alert and wait.
The men who watched on the river bank
Came not one hour too late.

The men who watched on the Marne and prayed
With their guns that wondrous night
Redeemed Gethsemane. They weighed
A world in the scale of right.
They had naught to lose,
They had naught to choose
But to slumber not and wait.
The men who watched on the river bank
Slept not one hour too late.

The men who stood and held the foe
When the tide of war swept high
Had nothing to claim their own and so
They could answer the world's last cry.
They had naught to lose,
They had naught to choose
But to open fire and wait.
They watched Gethsemane's river bank
With Love e'er it was too late.

THE REMNANT SHALL RETURN

"The remnant shall return, *even* the remnant of Jacob, unto the mighty God.

"For though my people Israel be as the sand of the sea, yet a remnant of them shall return: the consumption decreed shall overflow with righteousness." —Isaiah 10:21, 22.

The remnant shall return. They must return
To law, to order and to "Peace on earth."
For righteous peace, the remnant shall yearn.
The remnant shall return and find true worth
In God's own government.

THE SOLDIER'S LITTLE BABY GIRL

I left a little, teenty, weenty, baby girl back home,
A-creepin' and a-cooin' but she couldn't stand alone,
And how I often wonder if she'll be a meetin' me
At the gate, and I wonder if she'll be a greetin' me,
And callin' out: "Hey, Daddy, why you comin' home so late?"
My wife don't tell me when she writes how much the youngster grows.
She thinks it makes me lonesome-like and maybe, too, she knows!
She writes of housework, knittin' and church and women's clothes.

My wife is self-supportin'. She's so smart and quick and sweet.
She sews for other ladies, dressin' them all nice and neat,
So I did not ask exemption and I do not ask it yet,
But I somehow hope the Baby won't grow up and then forget
How to coo and creep and cuddle in my arms when I get home.
Still, I will not be real sorry if the Kid can walk alone

For I'm somehow lookin' for her at the gate
a-meetin' me,
A-runnin' and a-shoutin' when she comes
a-greetin' me.

Paris, France,
December 23, 1918.

MARY

"Mary," I say just this one word
Out loud, not so that it's ever heard.
There isn't a soldier here
Whose name is Mary. "Mary, dear,"
I say, "Mary" when no one can hear.

Way out in No Man's Land,
Pitch dark nights on sentry guard,
I just reach out for her hand.
"Mary," the name keeps faithful ward
Over hellish doubt and fear.
Mary's my wife. She can hear!
Her sleeping always was light,
I'm thinking she prays through the night.
"Mary, Mary, my dear."

Paris, France, December 23, 1918.

THE CHAMBER IN THE WALL

In every home there is a simple place,
A room with table, bed and restful chair,—
All now prepared just for the loving grace
Of some true man of God. Elisha's care
For that dear son of her, the Shunammite,
Hath builded well a chamber in the wall
In every home on earth. Nor day, nor night,
No door shall e'er be closed to anyone.
Each home is built for prayer. God's will is done.
Love's simple, restful chamber in the wall,
A place of prayer, is thine, thou man of God.
Thou art then sent to raise the stupid dead
From owning anything. Earth's brotherhood
Must learn that God possesses all. Go, tell
To everyone this message: "It is well."

A BATTLE ROYAL

I got a letter from my home place,
  Sayin' my girl had got married on me.
They sent the clippin' and I guess my face
  When I read it was a sight to see.
I'd never thought she would do that thing,
An' how I hated her! My suffering
Was mostly hate, so sez I: "Gee whiz!
I hain't no business to be hatin' Liz
  If she did get married on me."

The next day my Christmas box was brung,
  My nine by a four by a three.
I felt like a kid and I danced and sung,
  If my girl had got married on me.
When I opened the box it was corkin', too,—
Candies, gum, gloves, tobacco. Can you
Beat it? Liz, herself, had sent a can
Of tobacco long ago, before she ran
  Off and got married on me.

I looked that can in the face. Not mad
  At all was I feelin', but sez I:
"You've made me a slave, and I'm downright
    glad
  I couldn't smoke you either if I try.
I hain't your slave no longer," fer says I: "O
    gee,
Wouldn't smoke this old tobacco if it be
  The last on earth. It was sent, I see,
  By the girl who got married on me."

Then I give all my tobacco away,
An' the pipes I thought I'd always keep.
I'd lay awake at night and think and say
In leavin' home I knowed that God could keep
Everybody safe. I used to ask Him, too,
To be specially watchful and dear
To the girl I left, keep her lovin', true,
Befriend her, too, while I was over here.

I figured mebby God made that match,
Done all the introducin' of them two.
Layin' in my bunk, I'd think and scratch
My head until there wan't a thing to do
When the whistles blew but git up. I see
She's all right! We're friends! We'll have to be!
The girl who got married on me.

Paris, France,
December 26, 1919.

CHRIST'S BELOVED

The Master loved the best the ones who met
The human need and thus it was they said
He dined with sinners. I must not forget
The Master raised the thoughtless from the dead
And loved the best the ones who met the need
That should be met. Dear God, an open door
Of human kindness, but the smallest seed,
A well prepared repast, then, evermore
Will make me his beloved one. 'Tis much
In heaven to have given but a touch
Of human kindness here on earth today;
Then must I well remember on life's way
To heaven to speak a kindly word of cheer.
A smile makes his beloved one even here.

A BULLY SWEETHEART

I've got a bully sweetheart over there,
Back home in good old, true old U. S. A.
I'll say she's treated me right on the square
Since I have been away.

She hasn't said: "I wish that you were here,"
Or, "I am missing you. The time seems long."
She hasn't written once of doubt or fear
Or loss or war or wrong.
I've got a bully sweetheart over there,
Back there in good old, true old U. S. A.
I'll say she's treated me right on the square
Since I have been away.

I've got a bully sweetheart, that I know.
She seems forever like a chum of mine,
A brother or a father or a friend,
A mother often, too, this girl of mine,
A pal to have and lend.
She never once has written of a tear,
An ache, a pain, a loss, a cloud, a fear
Since I have been away,
This sweetheart girl of mine in U. S. A.

I've got a bully sweetheart over there,
Back there in good old, true old U. S. A.
I'll say she's treated me right on the square
Since I have been away.

I've got a bully sweetheart over there,
She writes just like the pals who fight with me,
And had I not this lock of auburn hair,
I couldn't even see
Or dream about her hands so soft and white,
Her blue eyes piercing ever through the night
Of war's eternity.
I've got a sweetheart whose one happy song
Is: "Dear, it has not ever once seemed long
Since you have been away.
I love you for your work for U. S. A."

Paris, France, December 23, 1918.

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

A little child shall lead them everywhere,
All creatures of this earth. Isaiah's word
Hath healed all nations of the world of care;
It is Truth's message now forever heard
And leading all from war to peace and rest.
A little child shall lead them—Truth now flings
This challenge to the hosts of war: "Ye know
A little child shall lead men where they go."

A WORD OR TWO OF SARCASM

I don't give a flip about home-life.
I never ate mince pie in all my life;
  Bread and beef-stew
  Is all—this is true,
I ever had to eat at home. My wife
Never made cookies or cake or doughnuts in
    all her life.

I don't give a whoop about anything in U.
    S. A.
I never slept on anything over there but hay.
  I never had a chair,
  A comb or a pair
  Of socks—it's true, not over there.
I don't give a whoop about anything in U.
    S. A.

I wouldn't give a cent about money back
    there
In America. Here it lasts longer. It's fair
  To each Frenchman to say
  That he always says: "Nay"
To offers of pourboires,—it's true, everyday.
I wouldn't give a cent about anything back
    there.

I wouldn't take anything and go without
The baths I have here. There isn't a doubt
  That no one ever saw a bath-tub or took a
    swim
  Back in America. No, by Jim—

Miney. There hain't mince pies, cookies,
doughnuts, candy or bed
Or money or bath-tub back there.
Why should I be led
From this Army where
Wondrous comfort is mine?
The Army and France fer me every time—
The Army and France is treatin' me fine!

Paris, France, December 23, 1918.

I'M JUST A REPORTER BACK FROM WAR

I'm just a reporter back from war
But I'll never leave Mother any more.
I've a small type-writer. I'm sure that I
Can pound out a living. At least, I'll try
To earn one in that town where she
Lives, and you can't be blaming me!
I don't care much for money. No!
Francs melted in France like snow, you know;
And, anyway, that money seemed
Like a fancy wrapper. No one dreamed
Of saving it there, and so, I'll say,
I'll write at home. I'll be glad to stay
Where I can kiss her a fond, good-night
When I leave each evening for town. It's
right,
I'll work at home and I'll never stir
Away again from the sight of her,
My Mother.

THE WORLD'S QUESTION:

I wait today without the temple's gate
Which is called Beautiful? I ask an alms,
An alms of walking straight from dawn till late
At eventide with gladsome hymns and psalms
Ever upon my lips. Here, at thy gate
I beg, The World, lame even from my birth
With love of money and with pride of pow'r.
I pray thee from thy table give me worth
Of righteous government that I, this hour,
May leap and praise the living God. Behold,
My weakened bones and feet would rise and walk.
Yea, I would rise and leap and run and talk
Ever of God's true law.

THE CONFERENCE'S REPLY:

We have no gold, nor silver, e'en, have we,
Hence may you rise this moment, World, and praise
God's law. In name of Christ, we make you free
From human warfare. For God's mighty ways
Of government, give thanks eternally.
This is your need—to watch and work and pray
For no more gold for warfare nor for bribes
Of pow'r's balance. All is in God's hand.
Return, ye Israel's tribes
To heaven's law.

That moment sprang up, strong, and well, and free,
The World, leaping and praising God for all.
The World arose that moment well and strong,
Leaping and praising God with joyous song
For Love's true government.

THIS ARMY IS A QUEER OLD PLACE

This Army is a queer old place,
  It's stale and rummy, too.
It hain't refined. It has no grace
  Of manners. Old beef-stew
Slapped down at mess most every day
  And rotten coffee, too!
This Army is a queer old place.
  It's stale and rummy, too.

And yet for every horrid thing
  I love this Army life.
To chew beef without suffering
  Or having any strife
Is quite a little stunt each day,
  I'm tellin' this to you.
I'm proud of myself, I would say
  And that is something, too.
This Army is a queer old place.
  It's rummy through and through.

This Army is a queer old freak
  And, yet, I've lots of pride
Because I didn't make a sneak
  And try my best to hide
Behind a woman's skirt. By gee,
I'm glad I got the fightin' bee,
Glad for the Army, too.
This Army is a queer old place.
It's rummy through and through.

TRAVEL ORDERS

This Army is the queerest dope
  That ever dopester doped.
You don't dare even once to hope
  Or to have ever hoped.
You let the world move on and you
Move when the Army's moving you.
It's rummy through and through.

And yet for all its near-fool ways
  I wouldn't once, by gad,
Have stayed at home through all these days
  With Wifie, Maw or Dad.

Not me—I'll stick right where I be
  Without a hope or care,
Until the Army's moving me
  From France to home, back there.

  Paris, France,
  December 23, 1918.

FEEDING THE MULTITUDES

(To the Disarmament Conference in America)

The multitudes are fed again today,
The Tribes of Israel from whence they come.
Dear God, I thank Thee for the wondrous way
Thou hast in leading all Thy children home.

THE WORD

"In the beginning was the Word," we learn
Within the Scriptures—just the Word, no more.
As followers of Christ, we truly yearn
To have naught else, no sin, no death, no war.
"In the beginning was the Word." Our prayer
For nothing else is answered here, today.
All fear and death and war have passed away.
"In the beginning was the Word."

ALL THROUGH WITH BRAGGIN'

When I enlisted, I was all through with
braggin'.
Never agin fer me!
My wife is a Jonah on naggin'
While I am as kind as can be.
When I enlisted, I was all through with brag-
gin'.

When I enlisted, I was all through with brag-
gin'—
Never agin fer me!
At Chateau-Thierry, the whole blamed Army
was laggin'
Behind except Pershing and me.
How do I know? Well, couldn't I see?
When I enlisted, I was all through with
braggin'.

Paris, France,
December 23, 1918.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON HOME, RELIGION AND DISARMAMENT

The fellers all are askin': "Kin ye tell me when ye be
A-goin' home, you guys there? Cannot prove a thing by me."
I say nothing, whatsoever, since I hain't a thing to say
Except that I don't know at all. Believe me, anyway,
We have fixed it fer Americans fer all the time to come.
We come here and got acquainted and now we've got to call it home.
I was studyin' some history, one day, I think, last fall,
An' I seen where we left Europe, that we wa'n't content at all,
That we longed fer a religion of our own and so we got
Up and dusted fer America. I'll say, you'll likely not
Believe me if I tell you that salvation might have been
Worked out for all the world if America had seen
It could have had religion where'er it was. By gee,
When they ask me: "Be ye goin' home?" I hain't no answer. See?
We fixed it fer Americans fer all the time to come.
We come here and got acquainted and now we've got to call it home.

TRAVEL ORDERS

I am a good American and so I always claim
We come acrost and won the war. It's true,
though, jest the same
That Belgium played upon the stage a rôle
no one would choose
Fer bein' soft, and England, too, could claim
none could refuse
To give her all the credit, and France could
say: "By gee,
The freedom of a bloomin' world has sure
been earned by me."
Old Italy could rise up and say her Mountain
men
Had done wonders fer a world. But, mebby,
too, agen,
The winnin' of the war want an awful sight
to do.
The guy who hain't a slacker when the
fightin' job is through
Is the one who draws the medals of a world.
You're askin': "Say,
When you goin' home?" By ginger! Well,
I hope it's right away.
We fixed it fer Americans fer all the time to
come.
We come here and got acquainted and now
we've got to call it home.

THE VICTOR

The hosts of heav'n never ceased to fight
During those years of warfare, hence the might
Of Truth prevailed.

This hour, the Christ walks o'er the surging waves
Of a world's hatred; yea, Truth comes and saves
An entire world.

THERE IS NO LACK

There is no lack, at all. I journey on
And merely have to watch and sing and pray
And thank God ever for all good today.
There never is a lack. His will is done.

SALVAGED

Someone stole my raincoat from me,—
  Salvaged it, right off the bat.
Never brought it back. By Jimminie,
  Tell me, what you know of that?
I was awful proud to get it,
  Private's proud of anything.
Hain't 'nother one. Aw, fergit it,
  Cheer up, holler, shout and sing!

Somehow, someway, I am sayin'
  That the guy who has my coat
Isn't doin' any prayin',
  An' he's sorter got my goat.
Still, I hope he kinder likes it,
  An' I hope it keeps him hot,
An' I hope fer years he hikes it
  'Round in Germany. O, rot,
I don't like revenge and hatin'!
  Mebby he has stood in line,
An' he grew so sick o' waitin'
  An' he figgered mine and thine
Wasn't much to ever reckon
  In this Army life. Oh, gee!

When I reach heav'n's gates, I reckon,
  He'll be beckonin' to me,
An' I'll know him by his figger,
  An' his raincoat. Won't it be
Great to see him? I be jigger!
  Jest as like as not he is
Right in heav'n when I git there

Teachin' there's no mine ner his,
An' I sure hope to fergit there
All my grief and suffering
Fer my lost coat. Aw, fergit it,
Cheer up, holler, shout and sing!
Paris, France,
December 25, 1919.

MY BOY CAME BACK FROM FRANCE AND TALKED OF GOD

My Boy came back from France and talked
of God most every day,
And yet he sang and danced around. I
thought, perhaps, he may
Have lost his mind like many did, so many
over there,
With shell shock.
I asked him why he talked of God and
danced and sang and laughed
The very minute after. He joked and clogged
and chaffed,
And talked of God together. It wasn't de-
cent. No!
He said: "Why, Mother, over there God was
your pal, and so
You laughed and sang, and danced with Him
in battle day or night."
Perhaps my son ain't shell-shocked. His re-
ligion may be right

I'LL SAY SO!

I'll say Paris isn't the worst spot,
  It's as fair as any I've saw.
You kin be good there or you kin be not;
  It's the same home with Mother and Paw.
It's all sort-o up to the fell-o,
  If he's walkin' crooked or straight,
And while Paris isn't just hell-o.
  It hain't nuther the Pearly Gate.

I was walkin' in Paris and thinkin'
  Of home,—it was late last July.
A French girl come 'long, she was blinkin'
  An' winkin' and blinkin' her eye.
She stops and says: "Venez, oui, venez
  Avec moi, O, mon très cher Monsieur."
One French word I know is called, "Allez,"
  And I used it without any fear.
I looked in her eye and I saw there
  A longin' fer heaven and rest.
I said to myself: "It is not fair
  To jedge her. I'll be thinkin' my best."

I tried to explain all in motion
  What I learnt jest the one time I went
To Sunday School. I had a notion
  That she somehow could tell what I meant.
We stood there just like children hast-to,
  Watchin' windows with diamonds ablaze.
I'll say if you like, if I dast-to
  That Paris is not a bad place.
And after a-while, all a-smilin'

Without me, she walked down the street.
I'll say it without any guilin',
She was honest and simple and sweet.

Paris, France,
Christmas Eve, 1918.

NO RANK THERE

I went to the Press School over there
In Chaumont, G. H. Q.
There wasn't a shade of rank. That's where
I scored! This thing is true,
I made the most of everything
In that school. Generals would give
Talks on who won the war and, say, the ring
Of my voice will forever live.
"Will you tell me, General," I would say,
In an off-hand, easy sort-o-way
What you think of So and So?"
The question was nothing but I had
To hear from a General all he'd know
And to tell the truth, too, I was glad
To stand right up without any rank,
I, a Buck Private, and say: "Will you,
General, tell me this?—I see! Oh, thank
You for the explanation now. Please do
Tell me of this. Thank you! I am done."
To tell you the truth, it was great fun
To talk without any rank or show
To a General, I'll have you know,
On "Who Won the War."

UNDER-AGE

I had a little, teenty, woolly sheep,
I used to feed each day,
A woolly lamb I used to love and keep
And pet. And would you say
I would not make a soldier 'cause I had
To feed this lamb warm milk? My, I am glad
I had this woolly lamb!
My father said to me: "See here, my lad
So you would march away
With soldiers? Just a baby at your play!
The only lie," he said, "you ever told
Was to get in the Army. You were bold,"
He scolded,—yet he pressed so soft my arm,
And said: "My boy, you will be kept from harm.
There is another Lamb to guard and keep
Love's watch o'er you, e'en though, my lad, you sleep
In No Man's Land." My father never was
Religious, yet he gave all for a cause,
His son,—the only one he had to give.
I'm glad for him I fought unharmed and live.

Paris, France,
December 23, 1918.

MY FAMILY

Say, fellows, it's sort of uncanny,
This bloomin', old Army life.
There's a fellow who looks like Granny,
Another looks like my wife.
There's a boy with the smile of Mother,
A sergeant who looks like Paw,
And still there's a private, another,
Who resembles my brother-in-law.
I saw 'em standin' and talkin'
At mess. It was strange as could be.
"Am I dreamin'?" I asked. "Am I walkin'
And seein'?" I couldn't quite see.
"Am I home again?" I am askin'
"Or am I dreamin', my lad?"
At least, in their smiles I am baskin',
My family, my all that I had.
I'm lovin' you, fellows, and prayin'
To be worthy to have you love me.
I'm lovin' you, buddies, and sayin'
That you've helped me to be what I be.

Paris, France,
December 23, 1918.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN WAR WORKER IN FRANCE

I've had a good time, fellows,
Right here in France at last.
You'll be jealous, all you buddies,
And you'll say I've put it past
You. Say! I guess you sure will care
When I say I saw a woman
With the very eyes and hair
Of my mother. Yep, I saw her,
Talked with her an hour, too.
A-M-E-R-I-C-A-N, just like my mother,
My, I'm glad what's real is true!
Say, she really spoke like mother,
Gentle-like, a trifle slow,
Grasped my well hand, tried to smother
Back a tear. I didn't know
But she really was another
Angel just like mother is,—
Grey hair, blue eyes, yep, I'd ruther
See her natural like this.
Just a woman without powder,
Without paint or lashes black.
A-M-E-R-I-C-A-N, you cannot crowd her
Off the map since she'll come back.
Gee! I thought as I was talkin'
With her, My! But you are real.
Still I kept right on a-walkin'
Never sayin' how I feel.
She was just so real like mother,
Hair all greyish, eyes deep blue.
Boys, I'm glad there is another
Mother here to watch us, too.

Paris, France, December 23, 1918.

I COME OVER HERE LAST WINTER

I come over here last winter,
  Most a year I've been in France,
And I just couldn't beginter
  Tell you if I had a chance
How I like the girls back yonder
  In the good old U. S. A.
And now is it any wonder
  That I like 'em, answer, hey?

I like girls proud, up and comin'
  Like my younger Sis back there.
She hain't ever out a-drummin'
  Beaux up, never gives a care
If there's anyone that's thinkin'
  She is pert, an' young and sweet.
No, you bet, she's never blinkin'
  At the fellers on the street.

'Course I hain't a criticisin'
  Any lady here in France,
And I hain't a-even sizin'
  Them—I'm givin' them a chance.
Not fer me, oh, no, not ever.
  I'll go back to U. S. A.,
And I'll find a girl like Sister,
  Independent, every day!

If she wants to vote, I'll never
  Lay a straw across her way
But she'll walk the streets, by ginger,
  Back in good old U. S. A.
And she won't hang back and linger

'Round some feller loafin' nigh.
Yep, I'll find a girl like Sister
An' we'll marry bye-an'-bye.

Paris, France,
December 23, 1918.

I ENLISTED FOR MY SISTER

I enlisted for my sister. She was proud as
she could be
To have me in the Army,—knittin', writin'
on to me.
My, I thought how she would rather
Have a brother here in France.
Sure it was for Maw and Father
But I somehow took a chance
Of her sayin' at her parties:
"Girls, my brother's over there."
I enlisted most for sister,
'Cause I thought that it was fair.
After I'd been in the Army
Most a year, or maybe more,
I was in the front line trenches,
Where I hadn't been before.
I passed many a town and city
Where the sisters all had gone
And my heart was filled with pity,
Just as if they'd been my own,
So when life seems mighty lonely over
here I pause and say:
"I enlisted for my sister and I'm mighty glad
to stay."

IS THERE A FUNNY SIDE TO EVERYTHING IN THE ARMY?

Is there a funny side to everything in the
Army?
Someone stole from my trunks and from me
Everything I owned,—not everything.
When I opened one trunk up I see
All that was left,—an old shoe-string.
I laffed and laffed and said I: "I'll be
switched!"
Is there a funny side to everything in the
Army?

Is there a funny side to everything in the
Army?
I had two trunks, and the second one
Contained the very best things I had.
"Gee," sez I, "I know that I'll be done
All up and that I'll be bloomin' mad
If those things is stole." I opened that;
A sheet of paper was lyin' flat
On the bottom, enough to be writin' you,
Dear Army, and askin' fer clothes all new.
Is there a funny side to everything in the
Army?

Is there a funny side to everything in the
Army?
I was flyin' and I got lost one day
From my squadron, and, say, the rotten way
Those German flyers beat me down,
And shot my engine! I felt a clown,
A-circlin' and whizzin' and beatin' the air.

I landed a prisoner over there.
Is there a funny side to everything in the Army?

Is there a funny side to everything in the Army?
I didn't stay long on the German side
When I thought I'd take a walk, not ride,
To the Border nights. With a sack of food,
And rain a-beatin', I hoofed 'er good
At night, and, at mornin' I'd rock and sway
Jes' to get warm so as to sleep that day.
Is there a funny side to everything in the Army?

Is there a funny side to everything in the Army?
I got to the border, ready to cross,
And stepped on a briar bush. My loss
Through that cracklin' bush seemed queer, I'll tell,
So I hiked 'er back to a prison cell
With a German sentry keepin' me
Straighter than anyone orter be.
Is there a funny side to everything in the Army?

Is there a funny side to everything in the Army?
I sat in that cell and I wanted to read.
The fellers slipped all the food I'd need
But I dasn't talk and I dasn't look.
I wanted, oh, how I wanted a book.
Them German guides said I could sing

The hymn of hate and I guess the ring
Of my lonely voice sounded good, so then,
I sang with a dirge air: "Bring, my men
To me a book. Oh, bring, my men, oh bring
A book to ease, to ease, to ease my suff-ferr-
ing."
Is there a funny side to everything in the
Army?

Is there a funny side to everything in the
Army?
I got to Allery feelin' fine,
Was chucked in a hospital. O'er the Rhine,
I dwelt in a prison. I'm tellin' you,
A hospital is some prison, too.
I was fat as butter on Red Cross food,
A-feelin' downright bully and good.
Is there a funny side to everything in the
Army?

Is there a funny side to everything in the
Army?
I come to Paris. The flu struck me,
An' I looked like a funny star should be.
The doctors said I would have to die.
It was Christmas mornin', and I said: "Why,
It's funny to die so far away
From my home and friends on Christmas
day."
Is there a funny side to everything in the
Army?

Is there a funny side to everything in the
Army?
Jest as old man Death came stalkin' in,

I said: "Old feller, it is a sin
To give you this work on Christmas morn,
The day that the dear Christ-child was born."
I said: "Death, take one day's leave and see
The Red Cross and Y. M. Christmas tree.
Never mind thinkin' I'm needin' you
If I am a-dyin' of Spanish flu."
Is there a funny side to everything in the Army?

Is there a funny side to everything in the Army?
Death hung on like an M. P. I said,
As I riz and set right up in bed;
"Haw, haw, hee, hee, hain't it funny, say,
A Yank dyin' in France on Christmas day
Of Spanish flu? Why not in Spain?
Why pick on France?"—an' I yelled again.
Death sez, sez he: "You're insultin' me!
I'm as dignified as Death should be."
Is there a funny side to everything in the Army?

Is there a funny side to everything in the Army?
Still Death hung around with a doubtful stare
While I was sittin' and laffin' there.
"This time," sez I, sez I to me:
"The funniest death that could ever be
Is to die in France on Christmas day
Of Spanish flu and to pave the way
For a real French funeral! Hully gee,
A real French funeral fer me!"

TRAVEL ORDERS

Is there a funny side to everything in the
Army?

Is there a funny side to everything in the
Army?
I could see them Frenchmen walkin' slow
Behind a camion's trail, and so,
I knew they couldn't keep up, by gee,
With the 'Merican Army a-buryin' me.
I laffed and laffed and whooped 'er loud.
Death rattled: "No sense at all! Why
crowd
Me out with your boisterous laff? Friend, I
Must be excused if you will not die."
I got well that minute and rose and had
The jolliest Christmas I ever had.
Fer a Christmas present I got, I'll say
The best! Travel orders to U. S. A.!
Is there a funny side to everything in the
Army?

Paris, France,
December 25, 1918.

I NEVER HAD ANY SISTER

I never had any sister,
And I don't know as I have missed her
Until I came over last Fall.
Then, somehow, I wanted to write her,
Admonish her, yes, and indite her
To be straight as a string—that is all!

I never had any sister
And I don't know as I have missed her
Until I came over to fight,
And, somehow, I wanted to write her,
Admonish her, yes, and indite her
To be doin' the things that are right.

I never had any sister
And I don't know as I have missed her
Until I came over the sea.
The war isn't over, I'm knowin'
Till each woman on earth is a-goin'
As straight as a woman can be,

Paris, France,
December 23, 1919.

WHEN THE JOB IS THROUGH

You git a lonesome feeling to go back most every day
An' the Army seems a nuisance and you wish yourself away
But have you ever stopped to think there hain't a speck of fun
At home until the boys are there, yes, every mother's son,
The wounded and the casuals; that hain't enough, oh, no,
Not till the Occupation and the Reg'lar men kin go.
There won't be any fun at all back home I'm telling you
Until every soldier gits there and the job is through.
So there hain't no use in longin' to be back agin, not yet,
Till the boys are all back yonder. Now don't you once forget
There is Regulars and Casuals and Air, Marine men, too,
And there hain't no fun whatever till the job is through.

Paris, France, December 23, 1918.

PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY

Again the custom of an age-past day,
Long centuries ago, has come to men.
As in the time, before had passed away
The customs Jesus loved, our net is cast
Upon the side of right. Now we may go,
As in days gone, to any home on earth,
And say, "I am your guest hence shall I stay
Until I have my blessing." Oh, the worth
Of that past custom! It was ever then
Men stayed as guests to talk the word of God.
They were not questioned of themselves. No name
Was even given. But of rule or rod,
God's chast'ning government, each talked the same,
Till host and guest were blest with heav'n, indeed;
This custom has returned to meet our need.

PEACE

Over the wars of earth these words still stand
And point the way on every sea and land:
"My peace I leave with you," not as the world
Hath giv'n. Yea, these words are now unfurled
O'er all the world: "My peace I leave with you."

HOW I ENTERTAINED AN AMERICAN GIRL IN PARIS AFTER THE ARMISTICE

I entertained an American girl two nights
In Paris, after the fightin'. Say!
It's a corkin' time we were havin', sights
Of fun; and this was the way
I entertained her. I knew a show
I'd like to see and asked I: "You go?"
And says she: "Thank you, that will be great!
Will you meet me here at this room at
eight?"
It was a readin' and writin' room
Fer soldiers, down town handy. I see
I was lucky to find a girl like she
Was 'cause if I'd had to go, like as not,
To her hotel, I'll say, the very spot
I might not have found in Paris.

I ate some supper, acrost the street,
In a Bar I think it was. Anyway,
The folks in that place looked very good
And lady-like and I had some food
That was advertised "American"; and I says
to me:
"I'm as free and happy as I kin be,"
So then I went back to the room.
A fire was a-burnin', the first I'd saw
Sence I was a-livin' with Dad and Maw;
In fact, I hadn't had any heat
In France, not onct even to warm my feet.

I set and thought and I didn't read,
Though it was a readin' room. My need
Seemed to be to set and set and think—
An' then that girl she rushed in, I jink!
And said: "Well, I am ready."

Well, I wasn't ready. No, no siree!
Not with that grate fire toastin' me.
I looked in her eye and without a blink
Said: "I'm not goin'. I'd ruther think
And be warm agin and feel and seem
That I'm home onct more in this grate fire
gleam.
I'd ruther think and dream and dream.
I'm not goin' out," says I.

A smile flew over her face so bright
She answered; "Corporal, you're choosing
right.
The show is good, but it's ripping here.
There's wondrous comfort and lots of cheer
In watching a log of wood aflame,
And it's better for me—but just the same,"
She added, as quick as a flash, "we'll see
Each other and talk when we both are free."
She picked up a log, just a corkin' one
And threw it in and away she run,
And I sat there all evening and thought.

The next night I said: "Jest onct I'll blow
My corp'ral's pay fer eats. I know
I'm needin' a good, square meal, says I.
I've enough fer one meal. Why should I try

To save?" So I picked a ruther quiet place
An' I went to eat, and I saw the face
Of the girl I did not take at all
To the show, and with the durndest gall,
Knowin' I hadn't a cent to spare,
I said: "Will you dine with me?" I dare
Do anything. I am most a fool
At darin' or so they said at school.
She accepted the invitation.

We had everything from soup to cheese,—
Not nuts in France,—and if you please,
We not only had meat but we had sole, too,
A-cooked in a sort of a creamy stew.
Gee, I enjoyed it! Not even once
Did I stop to think what a bloomin' dunce
I would be without half enough to pay
My own check sayin' nothin' of her's. I'll say,
That girl was someone you'd like to know,
Like a brother or like the pals who go
Into No Man's Land. She laffed and said:
"I washed my hair last night and went to
bed."

She slipped her hat back. Believe me,
With curled, bobbed hair she was good to

Of all the dolled-up girls I knew
She had something on everyone, it's true.
Then I remembered how I let her last night
Go home alone with no speck o' light
On the streets. I laffed out loud and I almost
grew
Boisterous and I told her, too,

That I sure forgot last night that she
Was a girl at all. Says I: "Kin it be
That men is becomin' girls and you
Girls is becomin' men? Can this be true?"
And I laffed and almost hollered!

And while I was laffin', I heard her say
In a quiet tone to the waiter: "Mais,
Pour moi, l'addition, s'il vous plaît."
An' I thought: "Gee, that's another food
But her orderin' thus far has been good."
The waiter brought on a silver tray
A paper, and I fainted dead away
Or pretended to when she paid the bill.
An' I'll say fer once that I had my fill
Of the best dinner I'd had in France!

And right that minute, ten girls rushed up—
"Y" girls, they were,—all flushed up
With hurryin', never a speck of paint
Did they wear at all. I told 'em "I hain't
Engaged fer the evening"; said they to me:
"We've got tickets for a show you would like
to see."
We laffed and giggled and had great fun,
Them eleven girls and I, jest one
Man among them, but I'll say they
Was as manly as any pals out there
In No Man's Land where they fight fer fair.
After the show we started home.

"Tell us where are you stopping? Say,"
Says they, these girls, "can you find your
way?
Oh, we know Paris just like a book."
I knew at a map I would have to look
Far into the morning and, believe me,
Not a word of French am I speakin'. See?
So they took me to my hotel.

And how I laffed when I struck the hay.
I held in fer the hotel was sleepin'. "Say,"
I thought, "how funny it was that I
Forgot my sex!" I'd laff and cry
When I thought how I set by the fire bright
While that girl walked home in the rain last
night.

I laffed, but, says I: "It hain't any worse
Or funnier and not half the curse
That it was before this war was fought,
All the crazy stunts that we always thought
Was correct." I can't say as I care
If I learned to be lady-like over there
In France.

Paris, France, December 26, 1918.

WITH AUTHORITY

In asking naught for self, thou speakest well
With true authority,—thus men are blest.
Yea, this is heav'n and peace and joy and rest,
To ever speak with the authority
Of giving all that all men may be free.

GIVE AUDIENCE

"Paul stood up, and beckoning with *his* hand said, Men of Israel, and ye that fear God, give audience. The God of this people of Israel chose our fathers, and exalted the people when they dwelt as strangers in the land of Egypt, and with an high arm brought He them out of it."
—Acts 13:16, 17.

Give audience! Then shall ye reach again
Thine home in heav'n, yea, heav'n here on earth.
Give audience to Truth and voice the worth
Of those who gave their all that men might live.
Arise, give audience, awake and give!

I HEARD A "Y" GIRL SINGIN'

(A private's tribute to Y. M. C. A. entertainers in France)

I heard a "Y" girl singin' in our Hut one
lonely night.
I didn't know her name at all, but gee, her
looks was right.
Her singin', it was peachy an' she danced a
hull song through
With sabots clompin' on her feet. Sez I: "I
wish I knew
That girl. She suits me to a tee. After the
war is past,
I'd work my farm for her." By gee, I some-
how felt I dast
To ask her. She was common-like, but pretty
just the same.
Sez I: "Ez like ez not some day that girl will
share my name."

There was a guy sung with her and then
sung hisself again
Alone: "It's me in need o' prayer and cleans-
in' of my sin.
'Tain't my mother, 'tain't my father who
stands in need o' prayer,
'Tain't my colonel, nor captain, but it's me,"
that struck me square
Between the eyes, by thunder! Till I couldn't
look at all
At him. Then the accompanist a-settin' near
the wall

Struck me as bein' pretty, jest as pretty as could be.
Sez I: "If that there younger girl refuses me, by gum,
There's lots of others just as good. That lady she is some
Looker, too. Jinks! How she plays, never followin' a note!
Just then the girl rose up to sing. I choked and grabbed my throat.
She was singin', "When the Boys Come Home" in a sweet sort o' way,
An' when she finished, how I cheered with, Whoop, Hip, Hip, Hurray!

I cheered until a guy leaned back and yelled: "You're glad she's sent
I see you really like the daughter of our President."
"I didn't know that it was her," sez I, and choked again,
Fer in a minute, too, it struck me with a sort-o-pain
She wouldn't care to change her name for Mrs. Private Brown
With jest a farm and Ford, by heck, and not a house in town.
I felt better in a minute, like myself, then, believe me,
I hollered and I shouted fer sez I to me, "I see
My fam'ly from our White House has come here to sing to me.

TRAVEL ORDERS

The daughter of the President has come over
here to France
To keep us from bein' lonely and give us all
a chance
To remember Sis and Mother and I am glad,
by gum,
Fer any daughter's comin' an' I'll say, I'm
glad she's come."

Paris, France,
December 28, 1918.

A SOLDIER'S IDEA OF PRAYER

I'll say I've got a funny familay,
Writin' me most every day
That they hain't a-ever thinkin'
Wrong about me. Still they pray
I'll be kept from harm and trouble
And be landed safe agin
Back home. They're thinkin' double,
Sometimes good and sometimes sin.

I'll say I've got a funny familay,
Writin' me most every day
That they know I'm safe from danger,
Jest as in the U. S. A.
But they keep right on a-sayin'
That they're always, always prayin'
In an awful funny way
That I can't believe in. No!
When you're prayin', you're a-knowin'
An' you know all that you know.

Paris, France,
December 23, 1918.

"NO THANKS TO ME"

(The following is the substance of a greeting to a woman war relief worker by the Commanding General of the A. E. F. in the entrance court of one of the Army hospitals in France)

"No thanks to me! These are the men who fought.
Let everyone remember this," he said.
"Thanks be to them! Let all the world be taught
This lesson," and his gesture fairly took
Each private's hand. We noted in his still
And forceful way and in his loving look
Something there was that reverenced God's will.
"Thanks to the women who have come to give
A hand-clasp or a soothing word of cheer.
Their skillful hands have let our soldiers live
And helped us win this battle over here."

These were his words. We heard them, every one,
And grasped his hand, and looked into his face.
He knew, our General, that war was won.
The ground we trod on was an holy place.
The war was won and yet we could not voice
The least of thanks to him, but well we knew
His words had made each wounded man rejoice.
"No thanks to me!" We saw just why he drew
His armies ever on to victory

PRESS ON

'Gainst him, a nameless one, who ever cried,
"All thanks to me!" Why should we not be freed
By soldiers who, though wounded, have not died?
They still look up with blinded eyes that see.
Though they be dead, they live, and see not, free
The world, because they say: "No thanks to me!"
And now that Armageddon's war is done
All deeds on earth shall yet be wrought this way,
"No thanks to me!" Truth's mighty pow'r has won,
All thanks to Principle eternally.

Neuilly, France, November 9, 1918.

PEACE

To work and wait for peace,—such is the rest
I ever seek. 'Tis always sweet and blest—
To work and wait for peace.

ADJUSTED

I had almost the hull of the blamed debt paid
On the place when I come away,
And fixin' this coming fall to get made
A silo for corn and hay.
But, somehow, I often wonder
Why I never think over here
Of the things that are over yonder.
Why, sometimes, I almost fear
I am losin' my pride of the silo,
And the barn and the cows and the grain.
Shucks, I'm wonderin' often if I'll know
The way to farm it again.

I was proud of the hay and the corn field.
I was proud of the oats and the sheep.
I was proud of capacity crop yield,
But now I'm feelin' most cheap
Since I'm fig'rin' on dumb Leagues of Nations,
What the U. S. will stand for and sich.
I'm proud o'er improved post-war rations,
Over France's a-gettin' rich,
Over England's bottlin' and keepin'
The subs that has gone fer aye,
And never onct am I reapin'
In my thinkin' the harvest and hay.
I'll be glad, though, when folks is done giving
What a whole world should do, and I know
If we keep busy this earth will keep living
And growing in righteousness, too.
Yep, peace is established, I'm thinkin'

When I return to my farm and my debt,
When I'm mindin' my business and blinkin'
O'er my own fire at home, don't forget.
I'll be glad when this dumb war is over
To go back to my farm and my wife.
I'll go back to my corn and my clover,
And stick there, believe me, fer life!

Paris, France,
December 23, 1919.

PARLEZ-VOUS FRANCAIS

Monsieur, parlez-vous francais?
—Not just in the way
They do in Paree but it's so
I can say: Montrez-moi
La Rue Dontcherknow,
And the Frenchman can see what I saw.

You speak French, I am sure?
—Not the kind to endure
At the Sorbonne for doctors of law.

You speak French now so well?
You were wounded and fell
In France for the cause of mankind?
—The French which I speak
Is mild, gentle and meek.
You never, no never could find
A hero like me
Who for every fast moving-picture sentence of equalité, fraternité and liberté,
Answers meekly and gently and simply,
"Oui, oui, oui, oui."

"WHO IS MY MOTHER?"

Who is my mother? Who are sisters, friends?
Thus asked he who was called The Prince of Peace.
And to such questions, Truth forever sends
This wondrous answer, He who does the will
Of Him in heav'n is mother, sister, friend.
Truly ye have received, then freely lend
And take not back again thy loan, but give
All, all of self. Give all! Forever live!

THE TRUTH IS NOT BETRAYED

"I speak not of you all," the Master said
For just the briefest moment, then he saw
That only one betrayed him. He had fed
The multitudes, yet was betrayed. God's law
Is now fulfilled. A world cannot betray
One rule recorded therein. In God's way
And time He hath led all men here to see
The Truth is not betrayed hence *all are free.*

THE PEACE OF STILLED APPETITES

She has no appetite for aught but good,
America. Thus shall earth's brotherhood
Be lifted high o'er self and war and fear.
God bless each pilgrim who has journeyed here
From every country of the earth for peace
Of self's stilled appetites. God, grant them these!

CANDY'S CANDY

Boys, I've got a box of candy
Sent me from the U. S. A.,
And it comes in mighty handy,
Candy does most any day.
It hain't much to brag of either,
Jest hard candy that'll keep,
But I wouldn't swap it, either
If it is jest plain and cheap.
'Tain't so much that someone bought it,
Wrapped it, sent it on to me,
'Tain't so much that someone thought it
Would be cheery as kin be.
Boys, I'll tell the truth about it
Why I am so fond of it,
And I know you'll never doubt it
Fer I'll let you taste of it.
Hain't no sentiment about me,
Candy's candy, fair and square.
Don't you question, don't you doubt me
If I offer you a share.
Candy's candy but it's never
Quite the same unless some guy
Is a sharin' it forever.
Take a piece. Aw, take another,
Here's some candy, have a try!
Take another while you can.
Makes you think of home and mother,
Every blessed soldier-man.
Candy's candy; better eat it
While it's lasting. Let 'er go.
Candy's candy. Kin ye beat it
Not a feller answers, "NO!"

Paris, France, December 23, 1918.

A HYMN

A hymn I did not know was with me when
I watched in No Man's Land,
A hymn I sang forever and 'twas then
I knew I was not wounded. There, God's hand
Traced every word my human memory
Had lost—yes, traced it on earth's sky
Until I knew and sang and thought alway
God's blest protection. Father, I know why
I was not wounded.

GIVING COMMANDMENTS

Truth gives command what words of love to say
And all that I should do throughout today.
Truth gives command.

AFTER THE WAR—A VEGETARIAN?

(A sermon preached by a private at a dinner at Hotel Mirabeau, Paris, France.)

Beef? We NEVER have it in the Army.
Oh, no,
I'm not kiddin'. We don't. It's chevaux.
I pay the bills and I orter know.
I'm pay sergeant here, I guess I am,
And you don't palm off any old sham
On me. Officer goes out every week,
Counts every hoof, and mild and meek,
I draw the checks for every horse
I eat. Believe me, that food is coarse.
Satan never would serve in hell
Such dope to his imps! Oh, gee, don't tell
I've kicked in the Army. Not till now
Did I ever stir up a single row,
And this isn't serious. Oh, my, no!
I pay for each horse and then I go
To mess. I'm rushed right in and rushed
right out.
I eat without time to think. No doubt,
It's far, far better and wiser. No!
If I thought, I'd go to a restaurant, go,
And get some lègumes. As I set at mess
My thought is in Timbuctoo, I guess.
When I go home, I'll never care
If they don't dish up horsemeat anywhere.
By gracious, it's true, I'm telling you
You eat here without thinking. It's some-
thing to do
Fer a world. I'll say, it's a cinch,
You don't become gourmands, not on a pinch!

An' it makes you feel sorter glad inside
To set down and chew on any old hide,
An' get away with the stunt and be happy
and free.
Mebby salvation fer you an' fer me
Is right here in France. Sure, if we kin show
In eatin' the rankest of old cheveau
No resentment, then, mebby, we will be
Saints here on earth. Think so? Believe me,
Salvation may not be so fur away.
Mebby right now is the jedgement day,
When nobody's killin' at all fer food
Monkeys or horses, now hain't that good?
When I git home I kin look square in the
face
Every cow and sheep and pig on the place
Especially so now that I know
I've had my fill of horse-meat—cheveau!
After the war, there may be less
Or more of complaining. Who kin guess?

Paris, France,
December 25, 1918.

STUPID HABIT

"Free me from stupid habits," prayed a world.
America arose and dashed a glass
Of sin-cursed whisky from each hand. She hurled
It from the hands of all here. Let is pass
Forever in oblivion,—the curse
Of stupid habit.

THE SERVANTS IN MY HOME

The servants in my home are guests, and so
As throngs of loving friends, they come and go
And serve themselves and give and read and rest;
There is no servant save the passing guest.

A DEBATE BETWEEN A SERGEANT AND A PRIVATE

Subject: Who Won the War?

SERGEANT—
We come over and won the war!

PRIVATE—
We didn't do no sech thing!

SERGEANT—
He charged me ten francs too much, by far.
O, them blamed, stingy Frogs! Biff! Bing!
We come over and won the war!

PRIVATE—
We didn't do no sech thing!
The war hain't over, I'm tellin' you
Till you can't be hurt by a franc or two.
You might fall dead, too, anyway,
If your wound about francs is deep. I'll say
When you actually have made up your mind
That a Frenchman's charges are always kind,
When Americans gladly give every one
Of their francs to the French then the war is done,—
Then we've won the war!

REPATRIATED

(Two word-pictures of returning French prisoners of war, fellow compartment travellers on a journey from Dunkerque to Paris.)

(First Picture)

They came from Germany. Patient and true
Had they become through all those waiting years,
Simple as children, offering to you
And me their prison fare. The gruesome fears
Of Prussian hardships had not left a trace
Except of tender kindness on each face.
They came from Germany, French soldiers, they,
Simple as children, loving, gentle, gay.
God grant that they may reach their homes and rest
Secure in Love's protected, sheltered nest.

(Second Picture)

I saw again the very eyes and face
Of Jesus, he who lived in Galilee,—
So like an older brother, the same grace
Of manner of the one who spoke to free
All men from fear. I asked: "Who is, indeed,
This older brother?" It was one who came
From Prussian prison camp. The very need
Of patient love had giv'n a new name
To him. He was a simple, Christ-like man,
A soldier fashioned after Love's best plan.

I WAS ALWAYS A LITTLE BACKWARD

I was always a little backward in school,
And when I come into the Army,
I sez to me:
"There hain't no use always in bein' a fool,
Be as smart as a soldier kin be."
They made me almost at onct a K. P.

I was always a little backward. I had
A lot of fear and pride as a lad
So when I come into the Army, I sez to me:
"Be important as you kin e'er be."
They made me almost at onct a K. P.

I peeled potatoes and I likewise boiled rice
Feelin' important, dignified, nice
Fer sez I: "There hain't a single doughboy
Who isn't all puffed up with joy
When he sets down to mess,"
So I'm makin' a guess
I've got the most important job, you see,
In all this bloomin' Armee,
Ain't I not?
When they made me without pullin' a single,
blamed string
A K. P.?

REBUILT CITIES OF FRANCE AND BELGIUM

Those dear, blest cities, torn with war's mad
rage,
Are lifted to Jerusalem. Truth's page
Hath written well of all they have built high
Away from sin and self to heav'n high,
On earth.

THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD

Each one on earth working alone for good,
Each day of every year, is understood,
As God's unbending law.

MY CHRISTMAS PRESENT

I had a Christmas present sent to me,
A nine by a four by a three.
Sent my label home but, believe me,
I was 'sprised and tickled as I could be
By this nine by a four by a three.

Dad sent a ring, Masonic, I'll say,
In this nine by a four by a three,
That he treated me right and any day
He don't, I'll send the Masons to pray
Him to take better keer of me.

The ring was too large I got. Oh, my!
In this nine by a four by a three.
I took it to the jeweller and he'll try
To have it at least by Saterdee,—
It'll look real swell on me.

Mother sent socks and candy too
In this nine by a four by a three,
And handkerchiefs that is handy, too.
A mother knows always what to do.
She's bully, I'll say to you.

My girl sent gloves and they were stole
From this nine by a four by a three,
And where they should be there was just a hole
And mebby her love to me.

Where the gloves should be, there was jest a hole
In this nine by a four by a three,

Where cigars Dad stuffed in could roll and
roll
And never be smoked by me.

They was busted of course and jammed into
pie,
In this nine by a four by a three
I didn't jest need 'em but I would try
'Em if they was whole, you kin bet yer eye,
Bet anything on me!

'Twas a shame to waste 'em, and that was it,
In this nine by a four by a three.
If Sister had packed it, you kin bet it'ud fit.
This nine by a four by a three.
Believe me, I've told them fer I have rit
Them cigars wasn't smoked by me.

Sister kin pack a trunk full of junk
In a nine by a four by a three.
She could put in a suitcase, a ton. In a trunk
A carload. Her packing, it is not punk,
An' I'm sure it'ud got to me.

But the strangest thing I have ever knew—
Not a nine by a four by a three—
But other things has never come through,
Sweaters, socks, Bible and wrist-watch,
too,—
Never got through to me.

Thinking it over, I'm ruther glad
That this nine by a four by a three

Had a hole where the gloves and cigars
should have had
To rest. No, it isn't bad
That they never got through to me.

I'm getting a slave to cigars. I vow,
This nine by a four by a three
Played me a game that I'm needing now
So there's no use starting a fuss or a row
That the things didn't come to me.

I hain't a slave to horse-meat, no,
So this nine by a four by a three
Woke me up to kinder know
That without some things a chap kin go
An' be feelin' bully and free.

If the gloves she sent was never stole
From this nine by a four by a three,
In the space they rested in, this nook,
Cigars couldn't rattle. Listen, look,
They'd have come straight on to me.

I preach to myself fer I want to get
From this nine by a four by a three,
A lesson or two that I can't ferget.
It's fierce to be slaves. Tobacco yet
Has bossed me a lot, by gee!

An' when I think them cigars there was,
In this nine by a four by a three
All smashed to thunder, I say it does
Look like it was done fer a worthy cause
An' mebby to set me free.

TRAVEL ORDERS

It must have been that my girl sent me
In this nine by a four by a three,
A lot of love to protect and free,
Even though her gloves they was stole, by gee!
From this nine by a four by a three.

(The above is a sermon, almost verbatim, preached by a sergeant at a Christmas Eve dinner at Hotel Maribeau, Paris. The audience was the war worker at the sergeant's left.)

THE FIRST SIGHT OF THE OLD PLACE

Ha, ha, it looks the same, the same old place,
Greener and better! It was Fall when I
Left home. Ha, ha, the same old space
Between the orchard and the house. I'd try
In France to measure everything
Back here, spaces and sod and house and barn. I know
I measured just to see if I could bring
It back. I used to see it as I left it when
The grass was flecked with the first Autumn snow.
Ha, ha, I'm glad it's Spring. To see again
The earth awakening is good, I vow.
I'm glad I'm done with war and woe and pain.
I'm glad I'm back. I'm glad that it is now!

United States of America,
June 8, 1919.

A HOME-BOUND TROOP SHIP

I saw a home-bound troop ship sail today
From England and I knew the war was won,
A troop ship sailing gladly on its way
To the new continent. God's will was done,
And peace had come to reign again on earth.
I saw a troop ship sail away today,
Laden with tasks completed and the worth
Of service. Then I knew that those who pray
At home are well rewarded. Then, indeed,
I saw Love's vision as earth's only creed.

I saw a troop ship sailing o'er the sea
From England and I heard the song they sang,
Those British people: "God's love be with thee
Until we meet again," the promise rang
With Christlike tenderness, and, then, I knew
For the first time the glory of the task
That England's love had wrought. Her brave fleet, true
To Principle bore all war's need could ask.
I saw a west-bound troop ship, then, indeed,
I knew that peace eternal is earth's creed.

I saw a west-bound troop ship setting sail
From England and I praised the God of all.
Love's universal service could not fail.

PRESS ON

I saw the troops who answered a world's call,
And heard kind, English voices sing a song
Of fond farewell which made two nations one,
Uniting all the earth. I saw that wrong
Had no more sway since God's will now is done.
Earth's creed of peace enfoldeth all today.
I saw a homebound troop ship sail away.

Liverpool, April 3, 1919.

ONE DAY OF GRATITUDE

One day of gratitude is all I ask,—
One day of thanking God,—
Then every task
Is finished.

I HAIN'T NEVER GOIN' BACK TO THE SAME, OLD CONVENTIONS

I hain't never goin' back to the same, old
conventions—
Not in America. Believe me!
No introducin' agin' fer me,
An' fearin' to speak lest ye don't speak right,
An' risin' in mornin' an' sleepin' at night.
I hain't never goin' back to the same, old
conventions.

I hain't never goin' back to the same, old
conventions.
If I need to eat, I will eat right then
If I kin find the food. Then agen,
If I want to make of the night a day,
I'll do it, by gracious, you watch me. Say,
I hain't never goin' back to the same, old
conventions.

I hain't never goin' back to the same, old
conventions.
If I want to choose a girl for a pal
Jest like a brother, you bet I shall,
An' I'll treat her square, you kin stake yer
life
Fer we reverence wimmin in Army life.
I hain't never goin' back to the same, old
conventions.

I hain't never goin' back to the same, old
conventions.
Walkin' the street, if I see a man

I may be askin' him if he can
Tell me, please, where street So-and-so be.
Gee whiz! I may ask in Amerikee,
Jest as we're doin' in gay Paree.
I hain't never goin' back to the same, old
conventions.

I hain't never goin' back to the same, old
conventions.
If I board a street car on Christmas day
And see a strange lady, I may say:
"I hain't had no turkey ner Christmas tree
Back in America, and, believe me,
I think I'll go, if you're askin', see,
Home with you fer dinner. Why shouldn't
I be?"
I hain't never goin' back to the same, old
conventions.

I hain't never goin' back to the same, old
conventions.
'Merican wimmin in Paris I've never seen
Are stoppin' and askin' where I've been
At home in the States and I'll say, Gee whiz!
It's a corkin' world to live like this
With the inspiration of a smile
From 'Merican wimmin onct in a while.
I hain't never goin' back to the same, old
conventions.

I hain't never goin' back to the same, old
conventions.
I hain't wantin' anything over here

But a smile from someone I don't know or keer
If I see agin. A canteen spread
With jam and doughnuts and good, white bread
Is heav'n enough in France. My hat!
We're thankful for jest such things as that.
I hain't never goin' back to the same, old conventions.

I hain't never goin' back to the same, old conventions.
I'm wantin' to know every girl I meet,
Every man and woman and child on the street.
I've learned when I hadn't a home to be
In that fam'ly, home and church to me
Is smilin' and speakin' to everyone.
It's a great, old war we fought! I'm done
Ferever with the same, old conventions.

Paris, France,
December 27, 1918.

A PRAYER

Just give me time to know my fellow men,
Each one of them through all life's devious ways.
Just give me time to know each one so when
I pass his way again in future days,
I may be glad to greet him as a friend,
And give him aught or ask of him to lend.
O give me time to know each one and then
To pass again along the way of each
And every one of them, my fellow-men.
Just give me time to greet each one and reach
Far out and clasp his hand though it be far
Across the sea. Just give me time, I pray,
From night until the dawn of morning star
To know and love my fellow-men each day.

I LOST MY BIBLE AT CHATEAU-THIERRY

I lost my Bible at Chateau-Thierry.
I knew it was all up with me.
I hadn't a chance, and I nary
Was wantin' one either. I be
Tired of fightin' and goin'
A-hatin' from mornin' till night.
I wasn't objectin' but knowin'
That fightin' and scrappin' hain't right.
I lost my Bible at Chateau-Thierry.

I lost my Bible at Chateau-Thierry,
The one Mother gave when I came
Over to France just to bury
Bill Kaiser and git quite a name.
The minute I lost it, a-whizzin'
Come a Fritz shell and located me.
It was sort of a question-mark quizzin'
Jest where my good lungs orter be.
I lost my Bible at Chateau-Thierry.

I lost my Bible at Chateau-Thierry.
"Good-bye, boys, I'm done for," I shouted.
I thought: Brother fell yesterday.
It's tough on my mother! I doubted
If she ever could stand it this way.
I was picked up, I guess, and brought flyin'
In a Henry to gay, old Paree,
And laid in a hospital, dyin',
As fast as a feller could be.
I lost my Bible at Chateau-Thierry.

I lost my Bible at Chateau-Thierry.
The next day, I guess, I was givin'
My own life that seemed like a fairy
Tale told. I was dyin', not livin'
When the head nurse speaks softly. Sez she:
"There's a war worker here from your city,
Dear John Boy," she speaks thus to me,
"And it is a blessing and pity
She can talk to your mother and be
A comfort in telling she saw you,
This last day, my Boy, you were here,
An American woman. It's quite true
She can give you some good, old, home cheer."
I lost my Bible at Chateau-Thierry.

"I lost my Bible at Chateau-Thierry,"
That was all I could say when she came,
This woman who stopped at my cot-side,—
I don't even remember her name.
I gasped: "Tell my mother her son died
Fer a world and I thank her again
Fer the Bible she giv' me in leavin'
My home, and I know that my pain
Was eased. Tell her not to be grievin'."
I lost my Bible at Chateau-Thierry.

I lost my Bible at Chateau-Thierry.
In the Army no one can be saying
What's comin'. I expected some prayin'
But this woman surprised me, I'll tell you.
"John," she shouted, "this thing is a lie!
You came from my town? Then you're game, too,
A fighter who never will die.

What if you lost your Bible at Chateau-Thierry?
There are Bibles in the world! You should care."
She looked like an angel, a fairy
But she spoke with a dare-devilish dare.

"I lost my Bible at Chateau-Thierry."
"It is not true at all" replied she,
This woman who looked like a fairy,
"You can't lose the Lord's prayer!" Oh, gee,
How I loved her and feared her and thought I:
Is she Pershing to talk thus to me?
I knew that the notion that I'd die
Was a-slippin' away. I could see
That this woman wouldn't speak to my mother
About my dyin' at all.
I knew that she would about Brother
And where he was choosin' to fall
Out where I lost my Bible at Chateau-Thierry.

"I lost my Bible at Chateau-Thierry,"
I said darin'-like jest onct more.
It was surely a wail but I nary
Loved Bibles 'fore comin' to war.
"Say the Lord's prayer," she yelled, and I said it.
"Say it louder," she shouted in glee.

"Stick to it to-day, yes, jest wed it,
You can't lose the Lord's prayer, you see
If you think that you're some short on breathing,
Say the Lord's prayer. Get into the game,
And command old Dis-Ease to be leaving,
The devil and he are the same."
Them wimmin war workers, I'm sayin'
Was brave both in fightin' and prayin'.

An' will you believe me, I said it
All day, that blamed, bloomin' Lord's prayer.
It seemed like a bride and I wed it,
An' I'll say that it treated me square.
I'm goin' back home with the first lot
They are shippin' and, gee, that suits me!
"Did I die, then?" you ask. Well, I did not.
I'm fit fer the trenches, I be!

That woman came twict more to see me,
That American woman, the one
Who rounded me hotly. I'll say, Gee!
When I knew her, she was lots of fun.
She brought me a Bible the first day,
A brown leather one, awful sweet.
I cuddled it closely and then, say,
I slipped it safe under my sheet.
The next time she brung me a letter
My own mother wrote and, I'll say,
This woman wrote Mother: "John's better,"
The day I was passing away.

Was she Pershing? I'm never quite know-
ing,
Or was she an angel from God?
My lungs is a-shouting and blowing,
And I do not lie under the sod.
If she's Pershing, I'll bet you a dollar,
She's stricter than he is, by gee,
And that she would raise a big holler
If a soldier hain't dressed to a tee.
I'm glad to be up, to be flyin'
About. That bed, though, believe me was
fine!
I'm glad that I'm livin', not dyin'
An' I'm glad that I have shoes to shine.
They say my brother laughed as he fell as if
he made up his mind
To be glad as could be with the task they
assigned
To him.
I've still got a Bible so I guess that I nary
Lost my Bible or anyone or anything at all
at Chateau-Thierry.

Auteuil, Paris, France,
December 26, 1918.
Hospital Number Five.

FREEING GERMAN PRISONERS

I saw you on the roads of France, you men,
You prisoners, garbed ever just the same
In greyish green; and seeing you, again
After long years of war, I knew the shame
Of nation hating nation was no more.

I saw you ever on the roads of France,
And, seeing you, I gave all men their due.
All men upon this earth are free! The chance
Of freemen has not passed away from you!

And when I reached America once more
Always the vision of you grey-green men
Was with me. In the market place, before
Assemblies, in the office and, too, when
I sat at table with my wife and child,
If I were tempted there to speak one word
Of warring condemnation, always you,
You grey-green men rose up as if you heard,
And, seeing you, I gave a tender, true
Reply.

I saw you ever on those roads, you men,
You slaves of centuries of warring hate.
Again I see you visioned here, and, when
I need to love, it is as if you wait,
You grey-green, burdened creatures just to show
The nothingness of hate and war and pain.
I see you still upon earth's roads and know
That I must speak with tenderness to gain
Your freedom.

United States of America,
June 8, 1919.

I'M GLAD SHE'S A GIRL

If I've got to wear one the Baby has, too,
So I bought her this cute Croix de Guerre.
The ribbon is bright and the cross is so new!
She'll be wearin' it 'round everywhere.
I'll say she deserves it as much as I do,
Deserves it far more than her Dad,
So I bought her this medal and I'll say to you,
I'll wager the Kiddie'll be glad.

I never have seen that dear, little tad
Except on this cardboard, you know,
I sailed two months before, and I'll say I was glad
When I heard she had come. Even so
If she was just a girl when I hoped right along
She would sure be a boy when she came.
I was glad just the same and I sang a real song
Even though she could not bear my name.

No! Mike hain't a name for a girl any day,
Though her Daddy's a corp'ral, please note;
And so my wife wrote: "Her name's Mildred." I'll say
Those two first letters stuck in my throat.
So I sang all the day: "Mike, Mildred, Hurray!

I'm glad for a girl, yes, it's true."
I've been glad for two years, been glad every
day
She's a girl, I am telling to you.

The cuteness of this—this new Croix de
Guerre!
I will pin it right here on her dress.
I can see her toddlin' about as she'll wear
It as proud as her father, I guess.
I like the idee, far better you see
Than wearing my own. I declare,
I'm glad she's a girl and can go 'round with
me
Wearing her own Croix de Guerre.

ENGLAND'S PLEDGE

She kept her pledge to Belgium! This song
A free earth sings throughout each day and night.
She paid her pledge when it fell due. The wrong
Of evil could not turn her from the might
Of her true word. This sceptered nation hurled
Her all into Love's scale with naught to gain
Except the freedom of a fearful world
From war and wrong and poverty and pain.
She saw the vision of a glad earth blest
With lasting peace, with heaven's work and rest.
Her pledge was paid in full when it fell due.
The word she gave to Belgium was true.

She kept her pledge to Belgium! Her men
Fought valiently in Flanders' mud and rain;
Her women sought the tasks of slaves again.
All England paid that no more war or pain
Should strike at earth. The vision of the King
Who reigns o'er all, she saw by night and day—
A world redeemed from fear and suffering.
Her battle cry became the words we pray:
"Thine is the kingdom!" This her bugle call,

"Thy kingdom come"—thus England fought
for all,
And paid in full her pledge when it fell
due.
Thank God, her word to Belgium was true!

Paris, France,
January 25, 1919.

TRUE UNDERSTANDING FRIENDS

Out of the war, true understanding friends
Were born, nation for nation, man for man.
Whoever freely gives and gladly lends
Was born of peace, indeed, in war, and can
Have life eternal here if he will choose
The good and ever watch now to refuse
All evil.

I DROVE A SOLDIER HOME ONE DAY

I drove a soldier home one day, and I
Stopped at the kitchen door and let him out.
I was ashamed! I really had to try
To keep from crying when I heard them shout
Their welcome,—all the little children ran
And fell upon his neck. The mother stood
Within the vine-wreathed door. He was a man,
This soldier, so I turned my car about;
I knew I'd have to treat him as one grown.
Why should I weep? I had, indeed, no doubt
That all of them were happy. Had I known
One hour like this! Had my son, too, returned!
Such were the traitor thoughts I spurned that day.
I never knew before how much I yearned
To see that grave in Flanders far away.
But looking up through clearer eyes, then I
Saw that which stilled the yearning in my heart,—
A rainbow brightly shining in the sky;
"From God's belovèd son no one can part,"—
Such was the legend of the rainbow sign.
I know now God's belovèd son and mine
Are deathless, joyous, active, ever free.
No grave in Flanders beckons now to me.

United States of America, June 8, 1919.

I SAW THE GOLD STAR MOTHERS

I saw the gold star mothers and the wives
Of comrades and I couldn't help but smile
And be exceeding glad for all the lives
That had defied earth's battlefields and while
I, too, marched down the street, I had to say,
Just to myself, of course: "I am so glad
For all those mothers and those wives today.
If each one knew the blessing she has had!"

I can't explain to anyone why I,
Since fighting, always see the other side.
Sad things are glad to me. I cannot cry
For grieving ones. This world so far and wide
Teaches us lessons and the war has come
To teach me many that I should have known.

I weep for mothers when their sons come home
And laugh for those who have to live alone.

I weep and laugh, not as the world would weep
Or laugh, for, over there, we always said
Some witty thing each time the guns would keep
Us from our talking. No one e'er fell dead

Except when joking there, and so, I knew
That in this world back here, we must have turned
Things upside down. It's true, I'm telling you,
In the parade, I really, truly yearned
To laugh aloud when I beheld them there,
The gold star mothers and the wives of those
Who joked until the end. I cannot care!
I saw my comrades jolly Death! They chose
The hardest place and laughed within the line,
And so I laugh again and joking say,
As if to them: "Comrades, your wives, it's right,
And gold star mothers make me laugh today."

United States of America,
May 20, 1919.

THE CONVERSION OF MISS JONES, MAIDEN LADY

"I have no one who's over in the war
And I am lonesome," wrote Miss Jones to me,
My teacher in the Sunday School. "Not far
Away is France! If it could only be
That I might have a son or nephew there,
Someone I knew, how often I would write!
I want some letters starting out, 'Somewhere
In France.' If I just had a son now in the fight
Or brother or a cousin, I can see
It wouldn't, couldn't make it half so bad."
This was Miss Jones's letter. I said: "Gee,
I somehow, someway wish that Miss Jones had
A son or brother over here in France."
It seemed, somehow, that it is fair to all
To have one relative who gits a chance
To answer at our Uncle Sammie's call.
There's Miss Jones, anyway three-score and ten,
Who's wishin' now she'd had a son to go,
At last Miss Jones kin see that men is men
And usefuller than anyone kin know.

HOSPITALITY

Just give yourself to all mankind each day
And this is breaking bread with them. The
way
Of service is to give all,—give, not lend
To everyone you meet. To be a friend
Is hospitality.

HOME AND SERVICE

A house will shelter no one, but a home
Is safe abiding place. Its sheltering dome
Is broad and high. A table spread with food
And served with menial hands is never good.
True meat and drink is giving all men need
With thine own hand,—this, then, is bread
indeed.

"BE PATIENT WITH ME," SAID BROTHER

"Be patient with me," said Brother,
"Till I'm used to living here
In this house of brick another
Has built. I somehow fear
To lose the dream that is fading,
That dwelling which no man's hand
Has built—the home I was spading
Each night in No Man's Land.

"I never knew its beauty
Till I came back again.
I built under lash of duty
And often, too, the pain
Of sleeplessness and fearing
The sound of the guns on high;
But through it all, I was hearing
A comrade's laugh or cry,
And when one laughed, then I laughed, too,—
At night they laughing, fell;
And when one cried then I chaffed, too,
I knew that all was well.
So I built my house each night there,
Out where the guns swept past.
I knew that I had a right there
And calmly slept at last.

"I slept when the guns were crying,
Slept when the guns were still,
I slept when the guns were sighing
Over my head. I will
Try to rest content and dwell here,"

My brother said and sighed,
"In a house which is as still here
As if a world had died.

"It was so real in that land there,
It was so real and true.
I could touch a comrade's hand there
At night, and, then, I knew
That we watched, we two, together
For better times to come.
We would laugh and groan together—
This was our human home.

Oh, the stars oft'times shone bright there,
Way out in No Man's Land.
We knew that we had a right there
To touch another's hand.

"Be patient with me," said Brother,
"Till I'm used to living here.
In this house of brick another
Has built. I somehow fear
To lose the dream that is fading—
That dwelling which no man's hand
Has built—the home I was spading
Each night in No Man's Land.

United States of America,
May 24, 1919.

MY MOTHER

My mother smiled so when I marched away
And wept when I came back,
And, yet, I know just how she felt. I'll say,
There wasn't any lack
Of welcome in the tears my mother shed.
I know my mother! When she smiled, she led
Me to believe it was a joyous day.
My mother smiled so when I marched away!

My mother stood so near me in the line
When we marched up the street.
I never had a scratch. Am feeling fine.
In action sixty days! I thought she'd greet
Me with a smile. She cried and turned
away,
But how she smiled and cheered that other
day
When I was leaving home! I know that she
Smiled when she felt the very saddest, too,
And wept when she was gladdest. Wish you
knew
My mother!

United States of America, May 18, 1919.

I WAS IN PARIS WHEN THE ARMISTICE WAS SIGNED

I was in Paris when the Armistice was signed.
It was a quiet day for me. I stood
Above on Rue St. Honoré, and I
Wondered what I would do! Earth's brotherhood
Had been my wounded child so long! My cry
Was smothered. I must be exceeding glad,
I knew, else I were traitor. Dear God, why
Is this the saddest day I ever had?—
I asked myself—Nothing to do! I pray
To gladly lay down all this work, and may
I enter in the joy of those who go
Freed from earth's war about these streets. I know
It is a traitor's sin,—this stifled cry.
Others rejoice in peace, and why not I?
I am not wanting war. I want a task
As great as heaven itself. For this, I ask
And I shall be content. I ask no more
Of separation, want or woe or war.
Yes, on that day I watched the crowds surge past
Below. I knew that peace had come at last.
I was in Paris when the Armistice was signed.

Paris, France,
November 11, 1918.

JOY AND SERVICE

(A tribute to England's War Premier and her men)

Always through days of stress, a sad world said
"From whence, then, hath this man this living spring
Of joy?" It seemed as if the very dead
From battlefields had lent a wondrous thing
To him,—to ever bear up while they gave
Their human lives, and, thus, a whole world cried:
"Their mantle fell upon him hence the grave
Hath no more victory. They have not died.
The mantle of their wondrous joy in life
Hath fallen on his shoulders. Now he can
Press on and bear earth's burdens in the strife
Of war and peace—thus England gave the world a man
Of joy."

England hath ever lent
Her happiness in bearing a world's cross.
Her yoke is easy! England, never bent
Beneath the burdens of a world! Her loss
Of human ease hath been her joy, indeed.
In bearing others' burdens, she became
More joyous still. In meeting a world's need,
Her sons have earned in war and peace the fame
Of joy.

This joyous Leader lets a whole world see
The face of England. England and her men
Are ever one. A waking world, now free,
Hath borrowed joy of them. Earth's yoke again
Is easy. England's love hath handed down.
To all mankind, the sceptered, jewelled crown
Of joy and service.

WHY SHOULD I NOT?

Why should I not rejoice at everything
Even Truth's moulding as life's chisel rings,
Against my stubborn pride and human will?
Why should I not rejoice, and say
Always with my dear Psalmist friend: "Be still,
And know that I *am* God?"

"BIG BERTHA"

We've got a great "Big Bertha" on our farm
Beginning at six each morning to alarm
Us while we sleep. It whines and whizzes, too,
Its shells past Bill and me. I'll say to you
We duck our heads below the quilts. I say
To Bill: "Big Bertha has begun! A day
Of war like brother has in France. Oh, gee,
We'll be destroyed with Paris, I can see."

We've got a great "Big Bertha" on our farm
Whining at six each morning. It can harm
A lot! My Father calls: "Move on
You doughboys, there. Sleeping never won
A war! The windmill Krupp is fast at work," calls he.
"America's in danger! Can it be
I have two sons, one eight, another ten
Who both are slackers. Come, rise up, my men."

"The war is on! We've got a world to feed.
Sleeping on sentry guard is grave. You need
To fear a court martial. A dress parade
Is on today. The General has made
Corporals of doughboys. Rise, Krupp's shaming you
To win a service stripe of gold, all new.
Hardtack and bully beef wait down below.
The mess hall sergeant's calling. Rise and go!

If you awake, you can dodge Bertha's
blows,—
Sleeping in mustard gas, well, no one knows
What will become of you!" Our Father said
All this before we would get up. The bed
Seemed like a trench we loved but Bertha's
whine,
That windmill on our farm, makes us on time
To feed the calves and get to school each day,
And that is winning every war, I'll say.

United States of America, May 17, 1919.

M. P.'S EVERYWHERE

I saw an M. P. in Trier,
Owning the town, and I
Knew that the world was freer
For all of his work. I'll try
To show you how he'd motion
With his arms. It was strange, I'll say,
He gave everyone the notion
That he was there to stay.

In Trier I saw an M. P.—
Where the Armistice was signed—
Beholding him, you could then see
A world has made up its mind
To be taking care of Trier
And all that's over there.
The world is becoming freer
With M. P.'s everywhere.

A SOLDIER'S VISION OF TRUE RECONSTRUCTION

(After Armageddon,—a world rebuilt)

I saw a simple man who toiled and prayed
In England, hoping, trusting well to build
The ships our Mother Country's love had made
And given to be lost at sea. Fulfilled
Was every hope. The ships were standing sure—
Each builded well with all this trustful man
And others, too, were giving. To endure
Throughout eternity—this was his plan.
I questioned everyone to answer me:
"Who is this gentle man who toils to free
The nations?" But no one could ever tell.
Of self and deeds, he did not speak one word.
He toiled, this simple man, yea, long and well.
His hammer, ringing true, was all one heard.

In Belgium, after the war had past,
I found again this simple man who went
Always on humble errands. In the fast
And moving throngs of people he would go,
And often pause to comfort them. His way
He chose himself. To heal each human woe
Became his work. And, oft' at close of day
I saw him fondly take a mother's hand

And tell her that her daughter still does live.
The nameless shame she bore in that drear land
Which wrought lust's havoc, failed! Love does forgive!
There is no wrong to woman's deathless name.
The mother's heart was comforted, indeed.
I saw this simple man wipe out the shame
Of Belgium's torture through his loving creed.

I found in France the nations of the earth
Building the cities that war's hate had burned.
I saw waste farms redeemed, their ancient worth
Increased, and, always, ever as I turned,
I found this simple man at work to bring
Order from chaos, never asking more
Than love for his work and another's too.
He humbly toiled with hammer and with song.
The very nail he struck went firm and true.
Both arms and hands at work were clean and strong.
I often asked: "Who is this simple man
Whose work is patterned after Love's best plan?"

Throughout America, joy's blest home-land,
I found again this man who sought his good

Among the soldiers who had lost a hand,
Or limb or eye to save earth's brotherhood.
I saw this simple man go to and fro
Among the widows, orphans, always cheered
By their true happiness. I longed to know
His name. I asked not for I somehow feared
To know. There was so much of love he gave
To those who lent all that all might be free.
I saw him even walking on the wave
With those who lost their human lives at sea.

I saw him walk and talk with them. I said:
"I now must know his name! If he can go
To every land and build, and raise the dead
And heal all nations of the world of woe,
Then I must know." I asked him: "Tell to me
This might you have to bless and heal and free?"
"What is your name?" "Throughout eternity,
No man shall hear again my name," said he.
"I am the one who wrought with clanking steel
Earth's war of hate." I shuddered: "No, not you!
You, willing to receive, you who can feel
For others? If this wondrous thing be true,

What wrought this change in you?" I
grasped his arm—
The withered arm and hand I knew of
yore—
And it was strong, and clean, and firm. No
harm
Had e'er befallen it. "Tell me before
The God of heav'n," I cried, "can this be
you?
What made you willing to receive, and true
In giving all to men?" He paused, not long,
And answered: "Friend, I saw that I was
wrong!"
"Can this be reconstruction? God is good,"
I answered. Said he: "All earth's brother-
hood
Shall know the joy of making each wrong
right,—
O'er every wrong of earth, 'Let there be
light'."

SERVICE OF SUPPLY

My brother came from France last week, and I
Caught him alone one day and saw him cry,
And, seeing me, he wiped his tears away,
And smiled. I understand him and I say:
"Tell me about your trip across." I try
Never to mention, Service of Supply.

My brother came from France last week. He is
Older and sadder. He is very well.
I somehow didn't think that just like this
He would come back to us. He doesn't tell
Us of one battle but how he did try
To move on from that Service of Supply.
And so one day the Major's orders came
To him to move on to the Front, and he
Was happy just to have the awful shame
Removed from him, as happy as could be,
But when he reached the fighting front that day,
Eleven in the morning. It was then
November 'Leventh! My, he turns away
And wipes his eyes and often, too, he'll try
To look straight on if some fool youngsters cry:
"Our hero's home from Service of Supply."

My mother talked to him one night and said:
"My son, I'm very glad you're home again.
I could not bear it, dear, if you were dead,
If you had lost a leg or arm. The pain
Of selfishness has been my curse for years.

You are my sole support, dear noble son,
I never could endure the awful fears
Of being left with just this little one."

She placed her hand upon my head and took
My brother's hand, too, and I saw her try
To bear a whole world's selfishness. Her look
Made heaven of the Service of Supply.

United States of America,
May 19, 1919.

A MIGHTY MAN

A major saw my brother over there,
Right on the road to Germany one day.
Brother's an M. P., always standing where
The roads divide. My brother points the way
To everyone, the major said, and he
Speaks always with such grave authority.
He asks for passes. "It is true, I know,"
The major said, "the General's own car
Your brother stopped. He wouldn't let him go—
The General, a certain way." Not far
Then is the road to fame. My brother played
Not many years ago with me. I can
Scarcely believe my brother, then, has made
Himself an M. P.,—such a mighty man!

THE BRITISH AND BROTHER

My brother went up to "Wipers"
And fought with the British men.
The Germans held on like vipers
But the British were there, and, then,
The British had my brother
So "Wipers" never fell.
There never has been another
City so shot to hell.
My brother fell with a comrade
At "Wipers" one fearful day.
"He was joking," they wrote, "with a real glad
Smile as he passed away."
So I often think of "Wipers"
And all of those British men
And the Germans who held like vipers
To the British and brother. Again,
I smile as my brother smiled falling
That "Wipers" has stood the test.
The British and brother are calling
A world to respond with its best.

United States of America,
May 17, 1919.

LIVING GEOGRAPHY

I didn't think when the Red Arrows came
Much of the hardships every one had seen.
I didn't think of war but just the same,
I thought a lot of where each one had been.
Each face was quite a study of the world,
A new Geography, and I could see,
When our Red Arrows came, there was unfurled
A world Geography for you and me.

I knew when the Red Arrows came that we
Would know each inch of France from Brest to Toul.
I knew the Argonne Forest we would see
And Juvigny and Soissons, yes, our school
Geography is living. Now I can
Be interested at last,—it is a look,
A smile, a shadow in each face. Each man
Of our Red Arrows is a living book.
I knew when our Red Arrows came, that I
Had a new life from here unto the Rhine.
I knew that I should know wherefor and why
The world has been redeemed. I knew each fine,
Bronzed face would tell me ever on the street
As I passed by, each fact that I should know.
I knew when our Red Arrows came, the feet
Of Atlas were so sure that I could go

Safely about each daily task and rest
Within a world that truly was secure.
I knew when our Red Arrows came, this best
And last Geography would then endure.

United States of America,
May 19, 1919.

MY BROTHER SENT A STRING OF BEADS TO ME

My brother sent a string of beads to me
From France. I'm really proud as I can be
But how he bought them's more than I can see
On fifty francs or so each month for pay.
I hope he gets enough to eat each day!

I wanted beads before he went to war,
And told him so. He laughed and said: "From far
Away, I'll send you some, dear little Sis."
I never thought I'd have a string like this!

My brother sent a string of beads to me
From France. I'm really proud as I can be
But how he bought them's more than I can say
On fifty francs or so each month for pay.
I hope he has enough to eat each day!

United States of America,
May 18, 1919.

GIVE ME A HOME

Give me a home which I may share with all.
Father, I ask no more,—a home with wall
So high and broad that no one is denied
Within its door. Give me a home as wide
As heaven.

MOVE ON

Hast thou a friend who merely says a word
Or two of flattery? Quick! Move thou on
Until he speaks plain facts,—then hast thou won
A friend.

SUPPLY

Supply came unexpectedly one day when I
Began to sing and praise God. I know why
It pays to say: "Thank God," and ever sing
And watch and pray. Sin, death and suffering
All flee away as one thanks God aright.
The darkness vanishes. Let there be light
Of gratitude.

MY BROTHER WENT OUT TO THE SOLDIERS' HOME

My brother went out to the soldiers' home one day
And talked to Grandpa, and I went with him,
And listened to them talk, and, say, the way
They talked! My Grandpa's beady eyes grew dim
At many things my brother had to tell
About Chateau-Thierry, and I knew
He felt it deeply. Many times, oh, well,
He said some words that aren't really true
Or right to say except when soldiers tell
Of war.
My brother went out to the soldiers' home and said
He'd like to see his grandpa, so right there
We found him by the tulip bed. He fed
The squirrels, too, my grandpa did and where
The shadows fell across us there was bright
Light too a-shining ever through the trees.
My grandpa swore with Brother as they do
In war. He made me sit upon his knees.
He said I was a great, big, lovely girl
And how he tried to make my straight hair curl!
Brother and Grandpa talked, and I'll tell you,
I saw that soldiers really, really bind
The world. Grandpa, feeding squirrels, and a smile
Of peace upon his face. He tried to find
Each by-path there in France and walk each mile

With Brother through the Argonne Forest, too.
He swore a lot but Grandpa's kind and true,
Just like all soldiers are who fight for us.
My mother says they swear and kick and curse,
These soldiers do at many things. A fuss
They often raise and yet they are not worse
Than other men. My grandpa's very good
And so is Brother, not at all refined
Since they have fought, but when they're understood,
I guess all soldier's hearts are very kind.

United States of America,
May 19, 1919.

THE MILLIONAIRE'S SON

His letters do make me lonely
That he writes from over the sea.
He hasn't asked for a dollar,
Not from his mother or me.
I wonder how he gets along
On fifty francs for pay.
I'm ready to send him anything,
Yes, all, if he'd only say
He's needing a little money
And give me the right address.
I'm ready to send him money.
I really can't do less
Than to send him all he's needing
When he is so far away.
I wonder how he is coming
With fifty francs for pay.

Someone wrote his mother,
A lad our son, too, knows,
That no one is a millionaire
In the Army. Pride and clothes
Don't count at all where my son is,
And, maybe, that is why
The fifty francs each pay day
Is all he needs, but I
Feel lonely to read his letters
When he doesn't ask for more.
It used to be quite otherwise
Before he went to war.

United States of America,
May 18, 1919.

THE BATTLES OF PARIS

"There is no white bread in Paris, nor butter," my brother writes,
"It's quiet and cold in Paris—streets, pitch dark, no flaming lights
At night on the streets of Paris." My brother has written me,
He's fighting the battles of Paris, brave as a brother could be!

My brother works for a major. Brother's eighteen this fall.
He fibbed to get in the Army but he hasn't been at all
To the Front. He's had some battles in Paris, I'll tell you!
With no white bread or butter and cold that would cut in two!

There were some pears in Paris, my brother saw one day
In a window. Thought he'd buy some but didn't! No, I'll say
He didn't since they were only two dollars forty a pear.
He's fighting the battles of Paris, my brother is, over there.

He says that the streets of Paris are most everywhere aflame
With flower-carts and women. He writes that it is a shame

He can't send flowers to Mother, since, over
there, they're cheap!
Violets and roses! But he knows that they
wouldn't keep.

My brother saw pears in Paris but had to
leave them alone,—
Two dollars-forty a pear were they. Wouldn't
it make you groan!
There is no white bread in Paris, nor butter,
nor sugar, he
Fights the battles of Paris, brave as a brother
could be!

United States of America,
May 19, 1919.

THE TABERNACLE OF GOD

The Revelator wrote that God hath raised
To heaven his own, wondrous temple, grand;
And everywhere with men, God's word is praised.
The temple built for men is in the land
Our father Abraham hath sought and found.
Where'er men stand, that place is holy ground.

BLESSINGS

Oft'times I find a blessing in the thing
I tried hard to refuse.
Though evils bring a serpent, suffering
Need never come; once, lifted up, a rod.
It always is to lead one on to God.

I HAD A SISTER IN THE WAR

I had a sister in the war and she
Went up in Russia very long ago
And opened up a hostess house. I see,
I haven't spoken as I should! I know
You fellows aren't proud of sisters, you
Who had so many brothers over there.
I had a sister in the war. It's true
That no one ever gives to girls their share
Of glory.

I had a sister in the war. She was
Stationed in France and then in Petrograd.
I know that she was working for a cause—
To make our fighting men more brave and glad!

She kept her hostess house so neat and clean,
Curtained with bandage cloth! And every night
Those frozen boys would come, and she has seen
Them weep because the fire was burning bright.
I had a sister in the war.

I had a sister in the war, a great,
Big, jolly girl, and now that she is back,
She doesn't talk so much. She had to wait
A year for letters, watched the frozen track
Of that White Sea on Russia's coast, and so,
I know she did her part and fought and won.

TRAVEL ORDERS

I had a sister who was glad to go
And give up all her parties and her fun
At home, and so I know that I am blest
Just like you boys whose brothers went. No more
Than two of us at home! It was the best
That I could do,—a sister in the war!

United States of America, May 19, 1919.

HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO TELL ME?

Have you anything to tell me
About over there in France?—
I asked Bill Jones, my neighbor,
Since I do not get a chance
To hear of the fight that was raging.
I hadn't a brother there.
I'm the only one in the fam'ly,
Too young! And it isn't fair!
So we sit oftimes in the evenings,
Bill Jones, his mother and I
And we talk of France by the grate fire
Till I, leading armies, try
To keep the Germans from crossing
The Marne and the Belleau Wood.
I'm glad that I have a neighbor
Who is friendly, kind and good!

United States of America,
May 18, 1919.

YPRES

Ypres,
I have not seen so beautiful a face
As thine.
No city on the earth is quite like thee,
A remnant of marred stone—no other trace
Of beauty save a mass of graves. To free
A world thy remnant stands safe and secure.
Ypres,
A nation's love hath kept thee clean and pure.

Ypres,
Never once taken, never yielding to
War's shock of greed and lust! Is there, indeed,
A finer tribute? Is there more to do
Than thou hast done to guard earth's sacred creed
Of right?

Ypres,
Thy face became to me
The face of a kind mother as I stood
And looked upon thy broken walls. Each stone
Upturned, spoke clearly: "God is very good
Forever!" I, a woman, quite alone,
Without a human guide or friend could see
Gleaming from shattered window panes the light

Of justice,—Truth's great right to truly free
Earth's women and earth's children from the might
Of evil's sway.

Ypres,
No face like thine
Hath ever seemed more marred and yet divine.
Thou gavest all thy beauty, all thy grace
To make on earth a fairer, purer place
For men.

Ypres.
Mother of war's cities, waste and lone,
To woman's honor, every broken stone
Hath reared an altar.
Ypres, thou art to me
The symbol of true woman's purity.
In yielding not to lust, thou hast set free
All men from lust and war and want and hate.
Ypres, wondrous in beauty and yet desolate.

Ypres,
Out of thy ruined walls there shall arise
Respect for woman, earth's true paradise.
The seven times thou hast withstood lust's greed
Have proved that selfless love is still earth's creed.

On Train from Dunkerque to Paris,
January 6, 1919.

MY FATHER PAID THE AWFUL, AWFUL PRICE!

My father paid the awful, awful price
Of never going to the war at all.
My brother went and so my mother said
My father must stay home. I know the call
Came to him every hour,—the call to go
And so I pitied him for don't I know
Just how he felt? My father paid each day
The price of never going. I can say
He paid enough!

My father often used to sit and hold
His head when he would read the news at night.
His thought whizzed 'round in action and he told
Us that he knew each man should surely fight!
I used to treat my father better, too,
Whenever Brother's newsy letters came.
My father longed to go and so I knew
He felt it was a downright, awful shame
For men to stay at home, safe over here
While all our boys are fighting over there.
My father paid the price of staying home.
He wanted so to go! It wasn't fair!

NO RESPONSE

(A tribute to France's unoffended War Premier)

It did not find response in him, and so
The bullet could not strike. He did not know
That he was aught except a child who had
To keep his joy at any cost. His glad
Smile brightly answered a world's cry:
"I feel no injury." He questioned, "Why
Should I not do my joyous work?" He knew
The world's peace in the balance must weigh
true.

And thus it was the bullet sought in vain
A lodging place. The wondrous, healing gain
Of a whole world is to behold this hour
That malice with its blow of human pow'r
Found no response in him. He is, indeed,
A childlike man who meets the world's great
need.
If you become a child, then shall you come
Into this heav'n of peace, man's changeless
home.

The mansions of Love's house shall be pre-
pared,
All this the Master taught. Truth's home
is shared
In greater measure in this hour of peace
Because a leaden bullet could not cease
The patient work of one whose love could
find
Naught in an injury that was unkind.
A world's peace still unfolds,—true, childlike
good,
Enduring peace for all earth's brotherhood.

MY BROTHER WROTE HE WAS IN PARIS

My brother wrote he was in Paris when
That great, big statute down in Concord Place
Was decorated—Lille—they call her. Then
I thought I'd like to see that woman's face.
Her name is splendid, Lille, a city's name.
In France, they treat large cities just the same.
They make them women, wonderfully sweet,
And decorate them down there in that street
In Paris.

My brother saw it all
For he enlisted long ago. The call
"To Arms" got him at once, the very day
We entered war and I can truly say
I'm not real jealous of him 'cept when he
Writes back of mud and trenches. I can see
It all and want to go. And when he goes
To Paris on a furlough, no one knows
How much I suffer to be with him there
Down on the Champs-Elyseés, everywhere
He goes!

My brother was in Paris when
They decorated Lille. Oh, my, oh, when
Can we have another war? My Ma says: "NO!
We're through with wars forever! There, don't cry,
We'll go and see the Fronts, my son. Yes, I
And Pa and you will go to Concord Place
And look into each woman statue's face."

United States of America,
May 17, 1919.

LA LIBRE BELGIQUE

(A tribute to La Libre Belgique, the uninterrupted War Journal of Belgium)

A voice was raised in Belgium through those years
Of grief and torture, yea, a voice that spoke
Kind as a mother's, stilling haunting fears.
A voice spoke with authority and broke
Earth's fearful dream. Never again shall earth
Be fettered as it was in those dark days
When Belgium found a way to speak and praise
Her faithful Allies. Yea, a voice was raised
In Belgium—for this let Truth be praised.
La Libre Belgique hath raised her voice
In those hushed days in Belgium, and said
A war-torn country could that hour rejoice
And with her songs raise soldiers from the dead.
Such was the message that an attic wall
Could not restrain—it liberated all
And brought Love's creed of hope and peace and rest
To Belgium, and helped her stand the test.

MY SON SENT ME A PRESENT

My son sent me a present
From the Rue Castiglione,
And, somehow, when I got it,
I felt that he hadn't gone
To fight at all in Flanders.
My soldier boy sent on
A letter and some forget-me-nots
From the Rue Castiglione.
There were three such tiny flowers,
Tucked away in a fold
Of the letter my son sent to me
With the sweetest story told.
I read his letter the hours
His father's away each week,
From Monday till Friday I read it,
With never a one to speak
To me as the days are fleeting
T'ward the day he's coming home.
My son sent me a greeting
From Paris,—the Place Vendome.
My son sent me a present
From a shop that's over there—
Three little, tiny blossoms,
Fragrant and blue and fair.

They make me think of the flowers
I fashioned so long ago
On his baby dress before he came
To live with us. Now I know
Why the weeks are passing quickly
While Father's away. I guess

I am making again in my dreaming
That same, sweet baby dress.
My son sent me a present
From the Rue Castiglione
And, somehow, when I got it,
I felt that he hadn't gone.

United States of America,
May 18, 1919.

MY BROTHER BROUGHT A WIFE BACK

My brother brought a wife back and I try
To talk with her. She smiles and, then, I say:
"Il fait très manifique, aujourd'hui." I
Can't say another word. The gentle way
She answers makes me think I'd like to be
A linquist and speak every language well.
My brother's wife is very kind to me
And I say, "Merci" but I'd like to tell
Her more of what I feel. Her loving look
Is helpful to me so I have to go
And study dictionaries and my book
Of grammar so I'm sure that you can know
How hard it is to tell her but I find
That we can really talk through being kind!

United States of America,
May 18, 1919.

THE WOUND STRIPE

When Brother came from war, my father
said
That he had quarreled with Neighbor Brown,
and he
Warned Brother not to speak. My father led
Him in the house and said: "I know you'll be
Friendly to everyone but that old Brown.
Speak graciously to everyone in town
Except that quarrelsome neighbor. I declare!
He drove me mad while you were over there."

And so I was surprised that very day,
To see my brother sitting on a step
Of Neighbor Brown's. I wondered if the way
Of soldiers is to fight and then forget
All troubles, and I saw our neighbor, too,
Caress the wound stripe that my brother had.
I saw my father look at them. I knew
That he, too, had forgiven. He was glad
My brother disobeyed.

I LIKE MY BROTHER'S NEW WIFE

I like my brother's new wife
But she doesn't speak a word
Of English. Yes, you bet your life
I like her! I have heard
A lot of people saying
Words who can't talk like her.
There's something as sweet as praying
In the very walk of her.

I like the wife of my brother.
He met her over in France.
I don't think there's another
In our town whose had the chance
To become so cultivated,
So gentle-like and kind.
I'm glad my brother waited
And then made up his mind
There's something more than talking
That counts in this old life.
There's a sermon in the walking
Of my brother's new French wife.

United States of America,
May 18, 1919.

THE RED CHEVRON

I'm not so proud of it and still I'll say
I'm glad to have it, glad it's mine today.
I never knew how much this thing would
cost,
This little strip of red cloth. I most lost
My life one day at Soissons. Anyhow,
I got well fast and I am back home now
Wearing a red chevron.

I often wonder if the days between
The time I left and now will ever seem
A dream. I wonder if those months in
France
Will vanish. Anyhow, I got the chance
To go! I'm pleased as I can be
With this red chevron—it was earned by
me,—
This new red chevron!

A REST

It is a rest to ever let God plan
Each day and hour. Today we truly can
Go to and fro always the guest of One
Who knoweth all. Rest! Let His will be
done.

PROMOTED

I'm doing a little each night now
Extra while Jim's away.
I don't seem to have the right now
To loaf much any day.
There are cows to feed and chickens,
Pigs in the pen back there.
Jim must have worked like the dickens.
There's really no lack here
Of choring to do each day now—
Jim did the chores before—
I'm glad that he is away now,
And has earned him a rest in the war!
I'm doing choring each morning
Extra while Jim's away.
I cannot do any scorning
For all that he did each day
Jim's only eighteen, I'm saying—
A full-sized man at work—
All that I'm asking is praying
That I will never shirk
The tasks that he did so gladly,
A-whist'ling every night,
And morning. I sadly,
Admit I have no right
To sit down by the fire,
And smoke my pipe. I ask no more!
So glad Jim's gone higher,
And has earned him a rest in the war.

United States of America,
May 26, 1919.

WOULD SHARING BE FAIR?

We have almost too much sunshine,
Too much good butter and bread.
In France they have too much red wine,
And here we are too much fed.
We have too much heat in winter
In our houses. We've too much snow!
America never would stint her
Even on weather, you know.
I'm wondering if we can't share things,
Save wine—we'll have none of that,
Yes, share with them right where things
Are scarce,—can you answer that?

THANK GOD FOR DEBTS

A debtor to the Greeks and to the Jews,
Paul hath declared himself eternally,—
Yea, to Barbarians and bond and free
To wise and unwise. Thus Paul taught to choose
The debt of giving love to men is way
Of peace. Debt is Truth's wondrous way
Of giving, handing love to everyone.
Thank God for debts until Love's will is done.

ONE RHINE FORT DESTROYED

(With the Army of Occupation)

I saw one fort destroyed upon the Rhine,
Our boys sang songs of cheer.
There was no trace of war or mine or thine.
No thought of hate or fear,
And from the fort the strongest of the world,
I saw our flag unfurled.
I saw one fort destroyed upon the Rhine.

I saw one fort destroyed upon the Rhine,
Our boys were watching there.
There was no trace of war or mine or thine.
Our boys were everywhere,
And from the fort the strongest of the world,
I saw our flag unfurled.

The fort of Gibralter on the Rhine
Surrenders human pow'r.
There was no trace of war or mine or thine,
Our boys are there this hour,
And from this fort, the strongest of the world,
Our flag is now unfurled.

Fort Ehrenbreitstein, Germany,
March 16, 1919.

OUR GREAT TEACHER'S HUMANITY

Someone told me Christ prepared a feast
After the resurrection,—yea, a meal,
For his dear followers. The least
I, then, can do is first to bless and heal
And after make a supper with mine hands
And thus fulfill all of our Lord's commands.
Yea, someone told me what I should have known
Long years ago as written plainly there
Within the Scriptures. Now, I truly know
Since someone told me. Love is everywhere
Revealed in human kindness. Let me lend
And give all good forever for this word
I learned from one who talks of God,—a friend.
Father, I thank Thee truly that I heard.

LOSING NOTHING

It is a joy to give all. None can lose
One thing in giving. Giving is to choose
To have.

HOT RATIONS

I saw a doughboy weep for joy one day
Down at Mont Sec because his food was hot—
Hot rations, yes, 'twas ever in a way
Simple as this, the soldiers knew their lot
Had been twice-blest. Hot rations after days
Of firing in the trenches—this was all.
I saw a doughboy weep for joy. War's ways
Of gratitude are devious. The call
Of mess with steaming food had made him weep

For joy; and then I knew the world should keep
The memory of the grateful tears he shed—
Hot rations. War hath raised the thoughtless dead
In France. I saw these tears of joy and knew
That gratitude is fadeless, deathless, true.
The mud of trenches could not dim his joy
And peace. I saw him smile through tears, this plain doughboy,
Over hot rations.

THERE IS A WOMAN LIVING ON OUR STREET

There is a woman living on our street
Whose son did not come back at all, and I
Speak sweetly always to her when I meet
Her every day. I smile and bow and try
To look real cheerful since I know that she
Remembers how he smiled at her, and so
I always look real happy when I see
Her. It's a notion but I know
It helps her.

One day I met a neighbor I detest
So much! I thought that surely I would frown
And pass her without speaking. As a jest
To my own self, I said: "Look up, not down,
And smile and speak just like you always do
To that dear woman whose son never came
Back from the war at all." This thing is true,
I smiled and bowed and spoke and felt no shame.
It helped me.

THE CHANGE IN FATHER

I've noticed Father's very kind these days,
Since I've been gone, there's really quite a change.
He seems to have improved in all his ways.
I could not make it out. It's very strange
To see him sweetly smile and hope you're well,
And say, so gracious-like: "It's fine today—
If you have errands in the town, and tell
Me what you want, I'll gladly do them. Say
The word," my Father says, "I'm surely glad
To help you." All of this he'll gently speak
To everyone. He dresses up and goes
Alone to town now nearly every week,
And buys him ties and handkerchiefs and clothes.

I often wondered why he's changed so, and
I asked my mother if she thought the war
Had made him sweeter. Mother took my hand
And laughed, and squeezed my hand, and laughed some more.
"My son," she said, "you are not worldly wise
If you did fight a winning war in France.
We now have Farmerettes, and Father's eyes
Are all for them. I let him have his chance
Because at heart your father isn't bad.
He just has been real lonely all these years

Because no daughters came to us. He had
A longing so for girls, their smiles and tears.
These Farmerettes, out with him in the field
Have made him tender, kind and sweet and true
To everyone, and though the crops don't yield
A grain of profit, I am telling you,
I'm glad you went to France if war must come,
Glad for these girl-hands and your father's joy,
I'm very glad, my son, that you are home.
He wanted girls—I longed so for a boy!"

United States of America,
May 25, 1919.

THE SHEETS WERE GREAT!

The sheets I slept in last night sure seemed good!
The bath I took was great! That chair is fine!
The chicken, too, was tender, and the food,
The other food, would make your dull eyes shine.
The sheets were great! I'm glad I'm home once more
Glad that there was an end to that long war!
The sheets were great!

MAC WAS MY PARTNER

Mac was my partner. My mother's word
After I sailed from New York, and heard
How I surprised her, leavin' to fight,
Set me a-goin' it straight and right.
She wrote me some corkin' poetry
In her letter, hopin' I would be
Where duty called. And I always thought
The good of that poetry had brought
My partner, Mac, for to stick to me
All through this battle for liberty.
We used to think of the foolest rot,
Mac and me, and you will likely not
Believe me if I should say to you,
Mac seemed like another mother, too.

Mac was my partner. Down at ground school,
We trained together, and every fool
Stunt we pulled off, or thing we would do
Together—Mac was some partner, too!
'Fore anyone of us struck the line,
We got a job that was peachy, fine,
Deliverin' planes. Each day we'd fly
From London to Paris, Mac and I.
We would often play for practice, whiz!
That's just how Mac was a-gettin' his.

Months after, in tellin' this, you know,
I'd rather not say how he bumped at me,
While I was soarin' and couldn't see.

He whisked ahead and shot back—oh, well,
Others was seein' just how he fell,
When he turned, and rose and swooped his
plane—
Mac never was playin' with me again.
'Course it was him who had been to blame.
I'd ruther been bumped off jest the same.

Mac was my partner. I got to fight.
Everyone's sayin' I licked 'em right.
In the Argonne Forest, I'd swoop low,
Over the Fritzies and—let 'er go,
And they would open right up, you bet,
With machine gun bullets, don't forget.
Only one time did they rattle me.
Mac was my partner in school. Sez he,
Long ago, "Keep goin' straight on ahead
Over their lines, whether live or dead."

I hold the record for time spent past
The German lines, and if I would dast
To tell, there's many a record, too,
That would be inane to tell to you.
For instance, I broke my rudder off,
It would surely make a feller laugh,
The way I whizzed in a circle there,
Above the Germans. There was a scare
In their lines. They sure believed a bird
They'd never knowed nothin' of or heard
About had appeared. They turned to flee
From a rudderless a'roplane. Oh, gee!
I laughed when I nosed down safely too,
Across our lines, I'm a-tellin' you.

Then once agin, at Viller-Courtrey—
Was bluer than smoke of hell that day.
Mac was my partner. With eyes all dim,
Decided then to be joinin' him.
I flew like the devil, struck and beat
Every Fritzie Boy I chanced to meet,
Not fer revenge. I wanted to try
To make a record for Mac and I,
Before I went to report. I guess
I was thinkin' of livin', bein' less
In a stew than we are here below
With hate and sufferin', war and woe,

I had just reached Soissons in the fight.
I thought "Gee, Mac will be pleased to-night
When I report," fer I sent in flames
Planes and their flyers with famous names.
Right then, Mac's voice shouted clear to me.
Machine gun bullets was flyin' free
And fast, and they ripped and tore each wing.
The engine stopped! I could hear each thing.
Mac's voice above all. It's true, I say,
Mac's voice was speakin' to me that day.

I was likely as near to the Pearly Gate
As I'll ever get, and it was late
Fer any man to be checking in
Who was loaded with hate and grief and sin.
The only reason Mac spoke to me
Was because I had reached his home, you see.
We were always on speaking terms, you bet.
Mac was some partner, don't forget.

TRAVEL ORDERS

They tell me I passed over Jordan's shore
That night and don't belong here no more
Than two tails belong to a maltese cat.
I was killed, that's all. It's the end of that.

"You hold stidy there," sez Mac to me.
When we met in heav'n. "Can't yer numb-
skull see
I'm keepin' that engine goin'. Be
A sport and live. You have much to do
In another war when this is through.
I gave my life that a world might live—
There's only one human life to give.
It's braver to live right on and fight.
The work you're doin', Boy, is right.
You've made high aces of me and you,
While I am a-doin' something, too."

I landed safely agin behind
Our lines. Mac's voice, speakin' clear and
kind,
Had sent me to earth once more. Sez I:
"If Mac's a-goin' it, I will try
Not to be a slacker. But the fight,
The next one, Mac said as bein' right
To be in, I knew then what it was.
I surely knew then!" Sez I: "Because
Mac said so, it is a cinch it's straight.
His bulletins come from heaven's gate."
Jest why I returned to earth is more
Than I can say exceptin' the war
Mac sent me to fight is wine and beer
And home-brew and gin, flowin' freely here.

TRAVEL ORDERS

'Twas after the Armistice, one night
I went to Paris. Fair and right
We cel'brated. At the club, we drank
And danced and smoked, and sez I: "No thank
You, nothin', nothin' but beer I'll take."
They laughed and joshed: "Is this guy awake?"
But I was awake, I didn't care
For gin or cognac. Oh, yes, I dare
Drink everything. I kin take it all
And walk home straight. Still the high air-call
Of Mac's voice was ringin'. I could see
Fightin' wa'n't over fer you and me.
I saw Mac, too, was makin' an ace
Of me right here in this earthly place.

I insisted: "No, thanks, I'll take beer—"
Somewhat of a vict'ry over here!
I somehow felt that Mac's rudder, too,
Of wantin' to drink had broke clean through
In the place he's fightin' in. By gee!
I'm glad he's makin' an ace of me.
And aces don't come, I'd have you know,
In Mac's war easy. The count is slow
That is, the official one. You see,
I'm wantin' beer, and you cannot be
A-wantin' a thing. Gosh! Gess I dast
To stick till the war Mac fights is past!
I'm glad as an air-man orter be
That Mac's my partner for liberty.

(Paris, December 25, 1918)

LATER IN AMERICA.

Yes, all through this fight with old home-
brew
I'm grateful fer that one interview,
I had in heav'n in Mac's new place
Where he's still a-workin' to be an ace.
No thanks! Not any! I'm glad I'm through
With the things Mac is fightin' agin' fer me.
Mac was my partner. No, thanks. You see
It ain't fair to him or to anyone
If I drink till the war Mac fights is done.
No, thanks! Not a single drop. I'm through!
With gin and whisky and old home-brew.
Mac is my partner.

REST

To love to stay right where you are is best
Since this is heaven on earth and joy and
rest.

I WANT YOU TO KNOW MY SON

I want to know my son!
He just got back home last week.
He was at nearly every one
Of the Fronts. He'll seldom speak
Of a thing. Sometimes, he lets fall
A word or two, that's all
I want you to know my son!
I'm telling you all this—I don't know why—
My son's a full-sized man now. And I
Wish you could feel his muscle. Nails
Aren't harder. Been gone five years
With the Canadian Army. Jails
Couldn't have kept him there! Has no fears
Over one thing in the world. He sure is
A dare-devil, good-hearted, free,—
If he is my son, I'll say this.
He's really a credit to me!

He was a sapper, you know, over there,
Crawled on the ground like a snake,
And cut the wire entanglements where
The Germans set traps. Didn't make
Any difference to him—this was his work!
You'll really have to meet him and see
The sort that he is. He never would shirk
A thing! Of all the surprises I've had
The thing that really now goes
Straight to my heart and makes me most
glad
Was this, when my son changed his clothes,
To civilian ones the night that he came,
He threw on my dresser a roll of bills.

T'was Five Hundred Dollars!—and just the same—
It wasn't the money! My heart fills
With pride as I tell it! Best hearted lad
In the world! Free to give but you can see
He wasn't carousing. He was saving and had
Five Hundred left over! He's just as free
As the air with his gifts and so I knew
He had stuck to that war business and won.
He's straight as a die, my son is, and true!
I'll set him up now in business. I'm done
With fearing for him. He's proved out with me!
Five Hundred my son had and he as free
As the air! It's not the money I care
For at all! I want you to know my son.

I want you to know my son!
He was in action three years, long before
America did one thing in the war.
You see, he has cousins in Canada, so
Wild horses couldn't have dragged him away
From going—bound and determined to go.
I had to give him his way,
It sure was a lucky day
For me. You see, my son learned to save
And live right in the war. It's strange and true
I never knew my son until he gave
All when nothing was asked. Why, I tell you
You can see what he's like. No one can find
Anyone more free-hearted, very few

As much so. How he ever could lay
Up Five Hundred gets me! Free as the day
And the air we breathe. I want you to know
My son. He was a sapper in the war.
I'm glad as my son that he got to go
With the Canadians, long before
America got in. No use to say more—
I want you to know my son.

May 26, 1919.

I WASN'T AT CHATEAU-THIERRY

I wasn't at Chateau-Thierry,
Neither in Belleau Wood,
I didn't fight at Soissons,
Nor the Argonne, and I could
Tell you the places I have not been.
And the places I do not know.
I wasn't in St. Mihiel sector,
Since Dad wouldn't let me go.

I didn't go to Ypres
And fight with the British there.
I never went to Arras,
And it surely wasn't fair.
I never was at Verdun
With the French in Fort de Vaux,
I'm just thirteen next winter,
And Dad wouldn't let me go.

United States of America,
May 18, 1919.

I HAVE A FRIEND

I have a friend,—my work, my day, my song,
My fellow-men; yea, as I pass along
Life's way, all these seem one,—forever one.
I have a friend!
God's will on earth is done. I have a friend!

THE WORLD'S REQUEST FOR PEACE

I do not ask for peace until I know
My nature is transformed. I do not ask
For riches till I know that I can go
With quietude each day to every task
To rest and work. Yea, when I see
My daily living has been earned by God,—
I ask for peace throughout eternity,—
The peace of law,
Truth's government or rod.

MY SON CAME HOME LAST WEEK

My son came home last week. He's diff'rent, too.
I can't quite tell you how. He seems to sit
And think and think and when he speaks to you,
He has a look within his deep blue eyes,
As if he could see far away. I am
Or should be glad. It's really a surprise
To see him so grown up! He is a man.

My son came home last week. We ploughed the field
Down by the wood lot and we pruned some trees
We worked together but I tried to shield
Him as I used to do. He said: "Please,
Dad, I can do this. I ploughed in France
All day. Just rest! Give me a chance."

My son came home last week. We cut and slashed
The apple trees and when I said to him:
"We'll make a bonfire of this," I declare,
I felt my very eyes a-growing dim
When he replied: "No, Dad, we do not dare
To waste a thing. There's need in Europe; —we
Must use these limbs. Oh, my, the suffering
I've seen from cold in France! It cannot be

That we should waste a thing," my son replied.
He is so changed. I'm sure if I had been
His Mother, I would just as surely cried
For all the refugees my son has seen
In France.

United States of America, May 18, 1919.

DAD'S ALL THROUGH WITH FRANCE

Dad took me to the hotel for dinner.
I said: "Gee, this food
Is better than any in Paris—
This chicken, sure, is good."
Dad said: "Now, how much would you pay
For a dinner like this in France?"
I cleared my throat and said: "I'll say
It would cost four bucks. The chance
Of getting it would be slight."
Dad cleared his throat and said: "My son
The price, one dollar, is right.
I'm through with France. I hope you're done
Galavantin' there to war.
If you'd pay four dollars for just one
Dinner, you'll not go there any more!"

CHICKORY—THAT IS TROUBLE

I met a man out on the street
Who stopped and told his troubles. I
Kept, too, from laughing. It was neat
That sober stunt I pulled off. Why,
I fairly longed to laugh and say,
You don't know troubles. You can't tell
Me, man, that you drink every day
For breakfast, ah, I shudder, well,
If I must say the word I will!
Chickory! If you drink Chickory
For breakfast, then you know the way
Of trouble, and I'll listen. That's the test,
The one last weight to justly weigh
All woes is always jest
To one who has drunk Chickory
In France. Oh, did you say, Chickory?
Well, that is trouble!

EACH DAY PRESS ON

Each day is glorious! 'Tis as a page
An angel writes of truest love to me,
Each day is glorious! God made men free!

I HAD A PIECE OF WHITE BREAD

I had a piece of white bread,
  Over in France one day.
I felt like a king and I ate it
  Proudly, I'll tell you. Say,
You will never know till you're there, too,
  With the British Army, the way
I ate that white bread right where, too,
  There were Tommies with war bread!—
    Nay, nay,
Don't ask me to tell you the reason
  I kept it myself. Can't you see
To give it away—oh, such treason!
  America gave it to me,—
An American soldier, I said,
Gave me one piece of white bread.
I had a piece of white bread,
  Over in France one day.

GUIDANCE

If I but write, I pray: Guide Thou my hand,
Thou great Jehovah. In this barren land
Of self where'er I walk, I ask God, too,
To guide me safely all my journey through.

I LIVED TWO DAYS IN PARIS ON TWENTY-EIGHT FRANCS

I lived two days in Paris on twenty-eight
francs,
And, then, I moved right on.
Two days in Paris on twenty-eight francs
For eats. There is no light on,
Not a calcium light, on the bed I slept
In that night. It was just a chair
In a hotel lobby but I kept
Half of my twenty-eight francs right where
I needed it, for eats the coming day.
Then, the next evening, I moved away
In search of my company.

United States of America,
June 9, 1919.

I SOMEHOW MISSED THE COWS MOST

I somehow missed the cows most over there
In France. At evening, I would let
My thoughts drift back to them. I knew my share
Of happiness was not to quite forget
All things back here, and, so, I'd often say:
"I miss the cows most now that I'm away."

I somehow never dared ever to think
Of people there but for the cows I knew
I'd never sob nor cry, I'd often wink,
At that, to keep the tears back. Sure, it's true,
And I am not ashamed to tell you! There,
I missed the cows! I never can forget
Just how I'd sit at night and really care
To see the cows! Dear cows, I love them yet,
Perhaps because I'd think at night and say:
"I miss the cows most now that I'm away."

PEACE

I do not ask, at any price, for peace.
I ask for peace through giving all,—yea,
all.
I ask for life and health and joy, all these
Is what I know I have and hence I call
For mine own heritage.

A FRIEND

I found a friend through service, then I knew
He was a friend who must be ever true.
I found a friend through service.

MY SON IS VERY HUMAN

My son is very human since he's home again.
He helps me with the washing and he makes his bed.
Sometimes I almost wonder why he isn't vain
When he wipes the dishes for me, so I was led
Tonight to ask him why he was a-helping me.
He lifted me high, high up in his arms and said:
"Muddy, are you blind with mustard-gas? Can't you see
That wiping dishes for you is the greatest fun?"
So very sweet and human is my son.

My son is very human since he's home from war,
Very kind and human, so very sweet and glad!
Why he will sweep and dust and scrub and do much more
Than he's ever asked to do for me or Dad.
Last night his Daddy told him it was strange but he
Couldn't understand his boy. My son said: "Say,
You call this I am doing, work. It's fun for me.
I'm seeing right at last. Before I went away

I didn't know one-half the downright fun I'd
get
In doing little chores around the place for
you
And helping dear, sweet Muddy. Now, don't
once forget
I'm pleasing just myself in doing this. It's
true!"
Yes, my son is very sweet and human!

A SEVENTY-FIVE

My brother sent a shell back home to me,
A Seventy-Five! I wish you could see
That shell! I'd like it better, too, if it
Wasn't all carved and dolled up. It would fit
My fancy better if I had have been
Right where they fired those shells
And led my men farther and farther past the
German line.
I tell you souvenirs are truly fine
But not so fine as real things. Anyway,
If I'd been old enough, I'd found a way
To get to France. Brother writes: "Believe
me,
There's no place quite like old Amerikee!"

United States of America,
May 17, 1919.

STEPHEN AND THE WORLD

"The Word of God increased," the Scriptures tell,
"And Stephen," ever "full of faith and power"
Gave praise and raised the dead and made them well.
Within the Synagogue, then there arose
Blasphemers and cursed him for his ways
Of peace.
False witnesses were set up, too, to speak
Laments against the changes Christ *must* bring,—
Changes of cursed customs, frail and weak.
All in the council looked in Stephen's face,
And saw it chastened with the suffering
That turns one's thought away from earth to God.
The face was of an angel in the place
Where persecution seemed to reign. The rod
Threat'ning o'er Stephen, then became a law,
A rule, that chiseled clearly every trace
Into, dear World, the sweetest angel's face.

THE GLORIOUS AGE OF DISAGREEMENT

Old Si Simpkins was always said to be
A sharper. If he could, 'twas said,
He got the best of everyone. To me,
Since I came back from war,
I do not call him crooked any more.
He is the fairest man I ever saw.
I heard him in an argument one day,
And I took Si's part, silently. My Paw
And him were most at outs, and, say, the way
Si talked! Right up and down! "What does it say
In the agreement we have written? We
Knew what we both were doing. I declare,"
Said Si, "that anything on earth is fair
That is signed up and sealed. You can't do more
Or better than to stick to your own word,
Just as it's written." Paw showed Si the door,
But paid him just the same that very night,
Because Paw so agreed and right is right.

Live up to what you sign and seal. The might
Of what you put in writin' you can do;
And when you've done that, then, by heck, you're through!
You're honest! Angels ain't yet understood
On earth but if one came and signed
A deed or an agreement, then he should

Live up to it, and never change his mind,
Except in things where he ain't signed his name,
He can change these without a speck of shame.
There ain't no human goodness anywhere.
Just do what you have signed and you are square.

Before I went to war, I didn't dare
To disagree with Paw in anything,
But now that I have fought, I see just where
I was mistaken. All war's suffering
Was not in vain if, fearlessly, I can
Agree to disagree with any man,
Even my Paw.

Speakin' of a crook, it is the one
Who signs a paper sayin' that he knew
You meant a diff'rent thing. A thing that's done
And signed and sealed is all on earth that's true.
About their moral rights, all crooks complain,
Jest to be gittin' more for their own gain.
Follow the written word.

What if my Paw
Should ever read these things that I have said!
I'll bet that he would try to smash my head.

Well, supposin' he did, everyone's fightin' and
disagreein' now
In this glorious age of disagreement, and,
anyhow,
I love and respect my Paw a whole lot more
since I've been brave enough
To disagree with him.

NOBODY LOVES A CASUAL

Nobody loves a casual. I was one
Over in St. Ann, too.
Nobody loves a casual, I am done
With being one, I'll tell you!
Over in France, I lost, one day
My company, and say, the way
They treated me! Nobody cares to be
A casual. I cannot see
A single joy in being a casual.
In France or here. No, not for me.
I'm done with being a casual!

IRELAND'S PART IN THE WAR

She stayed at home, and this was truly best.
For centuries, this wounded warrior-land
Had need of quietude and thoughtful rest.
She needed so to trust and take the hand
Of that blest Country Abraham hath sought,
Love's Country where God reigneth over all.
She stayed at home and balanced off the wrong
Of centuries of sin and self. Truth's call
Bade her to change her cry to Freedom's Song.
She stayed at home and voiced but one demand,—
Her freedom. Ages long, it has been so,
From crushing weight of self that has bent low
All nations, she has cried out to be free
From superstition, famine, hatred, woe,
From all of self's superiority,
From domination, and, too, from the curse
Of ownership, from bondage and from death
Itself, and from sin's living death, or worse,
She has called out for freedom with each breath
During past ages.
Let her stand for aye as earth's best friend,
Among all lands—no treachery within
Her consciousness,—a friend to give or lend
To all alike. Throughout long stirring years,
Hath she gained peace from self. Her ceaseless pray'r,
Exhalted, purified through cleansing tears,
Hath lifted self to heaven everywhere.

MOTHER AND DAD

Mother and Dad are quarreling since I came
home from France.
They used to never have a word before I got
the chance
To go over and fight the demons that once
were over the sea.
This home ain't what it once was. It ain't
what it used to be.
Mother and Dad are quarreling and I wonder
what it means.
It seems as though I was sleepin' and havin'
all sorts of dreams.
I wonder if my Dad is wrong and if Mother
is in the right.
It keeps me always a-guessin' from mornin'
till late at night.
My mother used to be afraid to ever anger
Dad
Until I came back from overseas and now it
seems she had
Rather make him mad than to please him. I
wonder just the same
If Mother is always in the right and Dad is
all to blame.
My Mother used to compromise before I went
away.
I've seen her yield almost her life rather than
have a fray
But now she don't yield anything. Things
must be so and so.
It seems like a world turned upside down
which I nevermore shall know.

It seems like a world turned upside down but
mebby it's for the best
And mebby love isn't love at all unless it can
stand the test
Of saying every unkind and cuttin' thing to
everyone in sight.
I am wondering if Dad is in the wrong and
Mother is in the right.

I am wondering, too, if all those years when
I was a little tad
And Mother was tryin' to please my Dad, I
am wondering if she had
The right of it then when she used to smile
when Dad would curse and swear.
I am wondering if Mother was in the right
not to rise up and rave and tear.

I am glad that Mother has learned to fight
even though she's in the wrong.
There's nothing quite so happy-like as to
fight one's way along.
Mother is looking happier than when she
used to smile.
And try to sweeten my Daddy up all of the
livelong while.

I've noticed, too, that mother's clothes are
the very best in town.
They used to be the shabbiest. Is the world
all upside down?
Has it all come about from fightin' the
demons over the sea?
Must we always here be a-fightin' the demons
in you and me?

What is it meaning, anyway? Is it right to
quarrel and fight?
Is my Dad forever in the wrong and is Mother
always right?
Dad used to be the meanest man alive but
he's good as pie,
These days when Mother is fightin'. I surely
wonder why.

I saw Daddy kiss my Mother and hand her a
dollar bill
Without her asking a cent from him. Surely
wonders never will
Cease in these days of wonders. From morn-
ing till late at night,
I'm wondering if Dad is still in the wrong
and Mother is always right.

FATHER'S MUCH, MUCH KINDER

Father's much, much kinder since Billy came
from war.
He's patienter and sweeter than he's ever
been before.
He used to scold and rave about and make me
sob and cry
Or else I used to go about with heavy heart
and sigh.
His scoldin' me was sudden-like and over
anything
I couldn't help at all, most like,—if Mary lost
her ring,
Or if I even needed a simple, gingham dress,
If Johnnie came from School late,
If the cows were lost, I guess
He thought the women-folks should see this
whole world should run straight,
So Father used to scold me from morning un-
til late
At night.

Billy told us how they used to sing, those
doughboys over there
Whenever they were forced to give their
lives, yes, sing, right where
They had to give up all on earth. Father
coughed awhile. I wept
At all the little stories Billy told of those
who kept
Their feet a-going straight and true through
cheer and song and joy.
Dear God, what strange, strange hymns they
sang: "Your head down, Fritzie Boy."

Well, Father hasn't scolded since he heard
of this but once,
And then I'll say I should have been a-
scolded! Like a dunce
I let the chicken burn like cinders in the
oven, too,
Before my eyes on Sunday and I didn't even
do
One thing. I should have been a-scolded.
Father raved and swore and said:
"What do you mean! Such carelessness!"
Right then, he stopped. We heard
A voice a-singin' from the barn and not an-
other word
Would Father say. 'Twas Billy singin' loud
and high and clear.
Well, Father turned and looked at me and
whispered, "Hark, my dear!"
"Keep your head down, Fritzie Boy. Keep
your head down, Fritzie Boy."
Dear God, what strange, strange hymns they
sang of wondrous, healing joy!

Since Father's stopped a-scoldin' me, we've
paid each debt we owe.
A cousin came to visit us and stayed six
months or so,
And left two hundred dollars. Well, Father
he was glad
But not so much as I am that he don't scold
and get mad
At me, since Billy came from war.

TEN DAYS AT BREST

I spent ten days at Fort du Bouguen,
Down there near Brest,—ten days,—eternity!
I found then that the war had not been won.
At least it never had been won by me.
It was dark, rainy, lonesome in that place,
That fort which crowned a high hill over there.
Ten days of watching sky and sea! The space
Between me and my home seemed endless, too,—
Ten days in Brest without a thing to do.

I spent ten days surrounded by that wall
Which Richelieu had built. I could not tell
You if I tried of those motes, gates and all
Those forts. They seemed the barriers of hell.
I was a casual,—they were, 'tis true,
The men who won the war, yet I regret
To say even in telling this to you,
They won the war, and still they never get
In France one kindly look. They are no more
Than outcasts with the Prussian prisoners,—
Those very casuals who won the war.
I spent ten days there, overlooking Brest
Without ten centimes. I was broke, that's all.
I never can complain again! The best

Or worst in life can't move me since the call
Of those dull whistles on the ships which
sailed
Without me was the saddest earthly thing;
And that one ship which took me,—though
all failed,
In life, this gladdest, brightest hour would
bring
Me joy enough forever and a day.
Ten days in Brest and then I sailed away.

BROTHER—THE NEW WATCH ON THE RHINE

Brother writes that he is playing
  Baseball near the Rhine,—
Way up on a fort, he's saying,
  The grounds are surely fine.
Brother says the Rhine is flowing,
  Just as it used to do,
And the Moselle grapes are growing,
  And turning red and blue.

Brother writes each day he's praying
  For travel orders west,
And he says that he is staying
  Reluctantly. The best;
To do, is to play and wait there
  For travel orders home.
He says they are coming late there.
  He surely hopes they'll come.
Brother says the Rhine is flowing,
  Just as it used to do,
And the Moselle grapes are growing,
  And turning red and blue.

Brother writes the boys are basking
  All day,—they're fit and fine!
And he says each one is asking
  To move on. On the Rhine
This is now the new watch ever.
  The boys watch every day
They're watching the flowing river,
  And watch for aye the way
Of crossing the valley Moselle,
  T'ward Trier, on t'ward home.

All is quiet there, and all's well.
I surely hope they'll come.
Brother says the Rhine is flowing,
Just as it used to do,
And the Moselle grapes are growing,
And turning red and blue.

Brother writes that he is praying
For travel orders west,
And he says that he is staying
Reluctantly. The best;
To do is to play and wait there
For *Travel Orders* home.
He says they are coming late there.
He surely hopes they'll come.

HOME

The Tribes of Israel are home once more.
Go, open wide for them to-day each door,
And bid them enter. Give them wine and bread,
The bread of heav'n, and wine of living Truth,
The Tribes of Israel each hour are led
To life eternal. Now unchanging youth
Is theirs. Their song and pray'r: Press On!
Press on and let God's will on earth be done.
Press On!

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